

THE MONTH

JULY, 1869.



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THE MONTH.

JULY, 1869.

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The Prospects of Catholic Education.

WHATEVER may be the immediate issue of the present manifestation of interest in the question of higher Education for the youth of the Catholic body in England, it can hardly be feared that the discussion to which it has given birth will be one of those which do more harm than good—which aggravate prejudices and irritate animosities without producing either clearer convictions or more determinate counsels. Education, with all its train of solid and moral advantages, is one of those boons which are not appreciated by those who have them not. Physical and material benefits can be understood as soon as they are mentioned. But as intellectual advantages, even in the broadest sense, are, after all, secondary though most valuable means to the great end of life, it is possible that sincerely good and pious minds may require to be aroused and enlarged before they can fully awake to their importance. Again, under certain circumstances, there may be a greater and more special work to be performed by men of education than at others; and thus what is at all times all but essential becomes an urgent necessity for a community which is emerging from a condition of oppression and consequent forced inactivity into the possession of new opportunities and the consciousness of imperative but unusual duties. Under such circumstances, it is highly desirable that all possible means should be used to arouse attention and stimulate energetic activity, in order to secure any progress on those points as to which the members of such a body are more or less behindhand. In such cases, we are naturally disposed to welcome and value discussion on account of its secondary effects, just as it is often extremely serviceable to have a subject debated in Parliament, not for the value of any practical suggestion

that may be made, or on account of the novelty of the views that may be set forth, or, again, for the purpose of immediate legislation, so much as because the discussion gives the opportunity for a declaration of opinion on the part of the leaders of thought and action in the nation, and hastens on the adoption of the policy which succeeds in winning general approval, and the attainment of the end to which that policy points. In the case before us, we can even bear patiently with a good deal of theorising. In these days of bicycles and tricycles, it would be hard if "the hobby-horse" were altogether "forgotten," whatever Shakespeare may say. People will, no doubt, endow imaginary Universities with ideal attributes, and sketch out courses of study which no practical person will ever think of adopting. Out of all this play of speculation, good may issue—the good of keeping before the public mind the necessity of immediate exertion. When once it is determined to do something, there is not much fear but that what is to be done will fall into hands which will be guided by experience and Christian tradition rather than by novel speculations. Education is not a fresh discovery in the Catholic Church, and it no more requires to be reformed on new principles than her philosophy or her doctrines.

As the Catholics of these countries find themselves, happily, in the position of a party rising daily in power, influence, and numbers, rather than in a state of tranquil monotony or of stagnant decay, it follows as a natural result of their condition that they are called on for an amount of intelligent and judicious activity for which, until lately, they have had but little scope. We are not fond of dreams of rapid conquest, or of sanguine speculations as to the approaching dissolution of Protestantism, and of the absorption of all the more Catholic elements at present imprisoned within it into the visible unity of the Church. We may well hope great things in this way from the mercy of God upon this nation, but, above all, the Catholic body has to organise and develop itself from within, and it is in danger, moreover, of losing opportunities which may never occur again for obtaining its fair position and its

necessary freedom as to many most important social questions which are now in course of settlement. Under the circumstances of the country, we have the most imperative need of a nucleus, however small, of devoted champions of our interests capable of taking a part in the discussions and conflicts of the day. We must not be understood either as blaming any one for the existence of the need of which we speak, or as implying that this need is more than an incidental illustration, however pregnant, of the social feebleness which, in all free countries, must ever characterise those communities which cannot, as it were, send into the field of public discussion a respectable regiment of well-armed and intelligent combatants. The absence of higher intellectual training paralyses us in other spheres as well as that of public action, but we may fairly point to our immediate chance of being treated unjustly on such points as Middle-Class or Lower-Class Education, simply for want of vigorous defenders of our cause, as to an instance in which this defect is likely to cause us the most serious mischief. When the battle of Education had to be fought and won in France, it was fought indeed by Bishops and Priests as well as by laymen, and won by the influence of public opinion and the general resolution of the Catholic body, but the services rendered by the small knot of men among whom M. de Montalembert was the most conspicuous were certainly a most essential element in the ultimate success. A body of such men we are never likely to have as long as the class to which they belong have either no opportunities, or no opportunities that they will accept, of higher intellectual training. But, in fact, in the days in which we live, in which so many religious and philosophical errors infest the whole press—and particularly that part of it which everybody reads—while it is hardly possible to move in good society, or to travel in a public carriage, or to sit down to a *table d'hôte*, or to lounge through a bookseller's shop, without being met by questions which touch the very foundations, as we may almost say, of Christian truth and morality, it is of course quite superfluous to insist on the necessity of higher

Education from the urgency of any particular question affecting the interests of Catholicism on a single, even though a most vital and essential, point.

It is worth while, then, to look the matter in the face, and instead of spinning theories as to what would be or might be or ought to be under imaginary circumstances, or of straining to persuade ourselves that we possess numbers or resources or capacities which are wanting to us, to remind ourselves of the true meaning of liberal Education, and see how far it is possible for us at present to supply it to our young men of the higher or middle classes. And, without describing this education scientifically, we may fairly take University Education as it exists at present in England as the standard by which to measure ourselves. It is far from perfect in its kind, and it has been almost as much overpraised on the one hand as overabused on the other, partly through the exaggerations of those who know something of it, partly through the misconceptions of those who know nothing about it except what they have read. It has great faults, great omissions, and great dangers, and, in the case of the majority of those subjected to its influence, it does far less than might be expected of it, less immeasurably than it ought to do, considering the immense resources which are sunk to support it. All this is true; but still it turns out *men*—men with a certain maturity of power, grasp of mind, largeness of view, capacity of action, familiarity with what is highest and noblest in the intellectual life and practical tendencies of their time; men to some extent masters of the knowledge and influenced by the experiences of the past, and able and ready, if need be—to refer again to the single instance in which we have spoken of our own pressing needs—not only to take up public interests in a spirit of devotion, and to make themselves the representatives of a cause, but to communicate its spirit to others, to place it fairly and fully in view before the theatre of public opinion, to support it judiciously, energetically, and perseveringly, and win a victory for the truth and justice of its principles even from a hostile majority.

It is, perhaps, common to almost all systems of Educa-

tion, that their capacity ought to be measured rather by the choicer specimens which they produce than by their effect on the generality. If we are to measure the results of the English system by the power it develops for public action in the service of the common good, for the intelligent grasping of argument, for readiness in giving an account of a position or a theory, for discretion, judgment, self-restraint, manly conduct under difficulties or through intricacies, and other qualities of the same kind which contrast so favourably with the feebleness and narrowness, the helplessness and frivolity, which mark the childish or the boyish character, we are bound to give it a certain amount of credit for producing what we should be very glad to be able to produce ourselves somewhat more frequently than is actually the case. It may be that all these results simply come from the fact that *some* mental and manly training, of whatever kind, is continued in the case of University men during three or four years after the close of the school course, and that in the case of others nothing of the kind is continued. This only relieves us—as we are most glad to be relieved—from the necessity of drawing a contrast between any two systems, which cover the same ground and so ought to produce the same fruits. There are, in fact, no two systems to be so contrasted—no two systems, that is, in the totality, for, as we shall presently show, it is a simple and intolerable exaggeration to say that there is nothing at all on the Catholic side to be set over against the system of the English Universities.

The results of this University Education may be roughly set down, for the purposes of our argument, as threefold. First, there is a certain amount of simple mental training, and the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge of philosophy, logic, history, classics, and the like. In the second place must be classed the indirect development of mind and character which comes from the process of study continued during the very best years of life under the guidance of men of superior intellect, and beyond this, and often of far greater importance, the gain that accrues by conflict, collision, contact, intercourse of every kind

with minds in a state of activity and tension, full of hope, life, aspiration, ambition, industry, working in all the fresh vigour of youth upon the most important and attractive questions, and fed upon the accumulated riches of the choicest literary fruits which the human intellect has produced in all ages and in all lands. It has often been said that the boys at a great public school educate one another, and the saying is far more true of the young men at a College or a University. Moreover, the education of which we speak must be taken in the widest possible sense of the word, and by no means limited to intellectual results. It includes the moulding and bracing of the character, it includes the incalculable benefit, lasting and increasing sometimes through a whole life, of firm, congenial, and elevating friendship, it includes the refining, the softening, the widening, and the maturing of the mind, which are absolutely necessary for all who are in any way called upon to act a part in the sight of their fellow-men in a free country. A score of now prominent men might be named without any difficulty, whose contemporaries at Oxford or Cambridge looked upon them in precisely the same way as that in which they are now regarded by the country at large. The little world of the University gave them the same rank which they now hold in the greater world. As many more conspicuous public characters might be ranged in order over against these, who have either blundered at their outset from want of that balance and conduct which they might have learnt in the training school of the Universities had it been their lot to be sent there, or whose notorious defects are such as are most naturally attributed to the lack of perfect education. But we are speaking rather of the strength and support and manifold blessings derived from the sympathy and friendship of a few congenial spirits, than of the effect the character of the general publicity in which University men live for the first time, and which influences them unconsciously as placing them under the nice vigilance of a kind of general conscience. The memoirs and biographies of the men, few in each generation, whose names survive in the interest of the public—men, for

instance, like Arnold, or Keble, or Newman—will give some idea of this effect of mind upon mind, which is one of the most precious results of University life. To the same head we may refer what may be called the social advantages which result from a residence at College, which is, in fact, an introduction to the world under very favourable circumstances.

These few sentences must be enough to indicate, though far too briefly and cursorily, the second great gain which the University system bestows on those who are open to its influences, and we shall hardly be thought guilty of exaggeration if we rate its value as quite as high as that of the first. There remains one more advantage, at first sight of comparatively little importance, but still, as a matter of fact, so highly considered by many as to make its absence alone, where it is absent, quite enough to counterbalance the presence, in no inadequate measure, of the other two. This last consists in the sifting and testing of the knowledge acquired at the University by the examinations which ordinarily close the student's career, and the Academical degree which is the crown of these examinations, and which may be considered both as a witness that the time spent within the College walls has not been wasted, and as a passport available in future life, before which many a door otherwise closed will fly open, and for the sake of which the man of trained mind is taken at once for what he is instead of being obliged to prove it over and over again.

To enumerate these different heads of advantage, under one or other of which almost all the ordinary fruits of University Education may be roughly classed, is almost sufficient to indicate the further truth, that there exists a wide difference between them in point of importance or necessity. Moreover, the importance or necessity of each may vary in different cases. As a matter of fact, the most fashionable of the English Universities suffers severely in its studies, and in other points certainly not less important, on account of the presence within its walls of a large number of young men of the highest class, who can hardly be said to aim at any one of these three advantages of which we

have spoken, except in some degree at what is comprised under the second, and who thus keep down the practical standard by which others are measured.* This evil, however, is not confined to the Universities. It infects public schools, and it may very well be found to infect any College whatever, whether Protestant or Catholic, which receives young men who are too old to be schoolboys, and yet have not reached the level of the highest schoolboy attainment, or who are sent to such institutions for any other purpose but that of hard, serious, and manly study. To return, however, to our subject. The foundation of all the good that is gained by the best scholars of Oxford or Cambridge is the interior cultivation and improvement of the mind, the acquisition of knowledge, and the training of the faculties by which that acquisition may be still further developed. Without this, the moral and social advantages which we have named in the second place do not amount to much more than can be acquired under specially fortunate circumstances in home life, judiciously mingled and, as it were, crossed by intercourse with good society. Without

* The Universities, and Oxford in particular, *suffer* this, and are not directly responsible for it. The nation, in fact, or rather the dominant class in the nation, requires it of them. In judging of Oxford life and of Oxford studies, it is in the highest degree unfair to ignore the fact that, the Universities cannot escape the influence of the society from which young men come to them and in which they exclusively move during half the time of their three years' course, and that, moreover, they cannot force the schools to send them up better trained than they do. Let us hear two competent witnesses as to the facts of the case. First, as to the capacities of a great number of the students who matriculate, as tested by the first examination, "Responsions" usually passed in the first term of residence. We quote from Mr. Pattison's admirable *Suggestions on Academical Organisation*. One of the examiners writes in 1863:—"I am perfectly clear that the failure of all that class whose work I have had the opportunity of examining was not owing to special ignorance of the particular subject required, but to ignorance of such a nature as to render them unfit to undergo any examination whatever, on any subject whatever. An ignorance of the easiest principles and rudiments of language, an inextricable confusion of thought, a perfect inability to do more than guess at the meaning of a question asked, an absence of ordinary facility in spelling or constructing a sentence in English—these are the unhappy characteristics of the whole class. . . . Thus a large minority of the young men who matriculate are not only entirely unfit to satisfy the requirements of the place, but are in a state which renders it almost hopeless to expect that they ever will be fit to do so" (pp. 232, 233). Let us now hear the Rector of Lincoln himself on the idleness and expensiveness, chiefly propagated in Oxford by the

this, it is scarcely necessary to add, the degree itself is a sham decoration. Our first care, therefore, should be to see how we can best stimulate our own young men to give themselves with energy and real zeal to the acquirement of this mental training by the use of such opportunities as we are able to place in their way. Here also it is that the unapproachable excellence of the Catholic system makes itself most conspicuously evident. Mental and moral philosophy are easy tasks to the children of the Church, and her teachers can lay down securely the laws of thought, or build up a moral or a metaphysical system with perfect symmetry and sequence, while others are groping in the dark, or giving an exaggerated importance to detached portions of truth the perfect connection of which they are unable to see. It is true that our want of numbers, as well as many other causes which need not be dwelt upon, tend to strike our teachers with feebleness from overfatigue or too great multiplicity of employment, or, on the other hand, to paralyse the enthusiasm of their pupils and make them look upon the highest of mental

example of one large College—"This temper is not generated in the University, but is already formed in the boy before he appears as a man. It is chiefly characteristic of one or two great schools, but seems to have been propagated to others which are not known as 'public schools.' Spoiled by the luxury of home and early habits of self-indulgence, the young aristocrat has lost the power of commanding the attention, and is not only indisposed for, but incapable of, work. Profound idleness and luxuriousness have corrupted his nature. He is no longer capable of being attentive to anything. He is either the foppish exquisite of the drawing-room, or the barbarised athlete of the arena, and beyond these spheres all life is to him a blank. Congregated mostly in one College [Christ Church], they maintain in it a tone of contempt for study, and a taste for boyish extravagance and dissipation, which infects the moral atmosphere far beyond their own circle. As they lead the fashion, and are conscious of their right to do so, in dress and manners, this social superiority gives weight and currency to their notions on moral conduct. From this source are propagated through the whole place ideas of style and expenditure incompatible with the means and future position of the general body of the young men. . . . Only public opinion among the undergraduates themselves can make ignorance and idleness disreputable among them. It is far from hopeless to win over a percentage of the aristocratical idle to an interest in intellectual pursuits. There is much generosity of temper among them, and no lack of quickness of apprehension. In the 'minor morals' they often contrast favourably with youths of inferior breeding. This is not a case for laws and statutes, but for individual enterprise. *A reform of Christ Church*, it has been said, would be half a reform of the University" (pp. 240—242).

acquirements or accomplishments with indifference and sluggishness. But, as far as the system itself goes, we may repeat here what we have already emphatically asserted, that with our present resources, limited as they are, we are able to furnish a very fine course of training on the points which are ordinarily considered as giving its chief value to University Education; a course which, all other circumstances being equal, would render any young man who might follow it out with real industry and zeal far more than equal to any of the same age whom he might meet in the world, after having had the best advantages that the English Universities could give them. We rest our assertion as to the superiority of the Catholic course, as it is hardly necessary to say, upon the clearness, the precision, the harmony, and the authority with which a Catholic philosopher can deal with the ordinary questions before him; upon the advantages of his position, and of the system which he has to interpret, not upon any accidental qualities in this or that individual teacher or body of teachers. We are convinced that if certain Catholic books on the subject of which we are speaking were better known than they are, they would be eagerly used by the students at the Universities, as furnishing complete systems of truth, where at present these students can only get the truth piecemeal and indirectly.

The second class of advantages which we have mentioned can certainly hardly be looked for, at least in full measure, within the walls of a single College. Here it is that want of numbers and isolation tell greatly against us. Even here, however, there is room for the remark that most persons who have no practical acquaintance with Oxford or Cambridge life are liable to the mistake which consists in an exaggerated idea of the importance of the University element in that life as distinguished from the Collegiate element. It is a misfortune which has had more than one bad consequence that a good deal has been written about Oxford life, in particular, by converts whose experience has been that of the one large College in that University, which, in certain important points, is distinct

in character from the rest. Invidious comparisons are always to be avoided, but it is fair to say that there is as much difference as to expensiveness, gaiety, laxity of discipline, and other kindred matters, between a very large, aristocratic, and fashionable College, and the rest, as there is between Pall Mall, Piccadilly, or the Haymarket, on the one hand, and Russell Square, or some dull though respectable nook in Bayswater, on the other. The picture given of Christ Church life some years ago in our own pages is in striking contrast with that of the life at Corpus, some few years earlier in the present century, which is to be found in the biographies of Dr. Arnold and Mr. Keble, to which we have already referred. Each writer speaks according to his own experience. It would be most unwise to generalise too freely, and the subject with which we are concerned has been already sufficiently overclouded by exaggerations; but we are bound to state our conviction that the earlier and more favourable picture is by no means the account of an exceptionally happy generation. We know, as a matter of fact, that sets of men, not, it may be, equally distinguished in all respects with the circle of friends there described, but whose moral and intellectual life was not unlike to theirs, have been to be found in no very limited abundance in the Universities at the very time when the experience of the inmates of the College most abounding in gentlemen commoners and noblemen would have given a very different picture; and we believe, further, that the ordinary College life is most unfairly represented by such experience as this last. It is not by any means uncommon to find that the effect of the social and intimate intercourse which goes on between the members of a single quiet College has been to produce to the full that invaluable mental and moral formation of which we have spoken as the second great advantage of University life. As an ordinary rule, nine men out of ten live chiefly in their own little circle in their own College, except as to the time which they give to a few home friends or to friends made at school who are resident elsewhere. It might seem, therefore, that even as to this advantage, an isolated Catholic College might to a very

great extent supply the fruits of a residence in a College forming part of a great University.

We fear, however, that it must be allowed that, as to both the points of which we have spoken, the best College at Oxford or Cambridge, even if it were turned into a Catholic College, and taken out of the University, would not be what it is. The Colleges act on one another, and the University, as a whole, acts on all and each, and this is especially the case with the governing body, which in many cases is an aggregate of picked men who have passed their undergraduate life at other Colleges, and have succeeded by examinations to open fellowships. The numbers at any particular College are so comparatively small, and the generations succeed one another with so much rapidity, that the tone of individual Colleges would soon sink, or at the best would be liable to continual fluctuation, but for the influence of the rest. There would also be a scarcity of teachers in the higher sense of the word, that is, of men of really vigorous mind and active intelligence; there would be a tendency to fall into one groove, or to stagnate from want of competition. It must be remembered that, though the training and teaching goes on inside the Colleges to an extent which those who are not acquainted with University life do not understand, still, the examinations, the standard of merit, the prizes, the degrees, all belong to the University system. The effects of smallness of numbers and of isolation would not be limited to the intellectual field only, they would sometimes make themselves felt in a comparative feebleness as to the formation of character, and be seen either in frivolity, or effeminacy, or stiffness, or narrowness, or pedantry, according to the particular characteristics of men who might from time to time be the dominant spirits of the small community open to no influences but its own. So it might be in the worst cases; in the best, such a community could hardly hope to furnish its members with the wide range of secondary advantages of which we have given so imperfect an outline.

We come now to the examination and the degree, which are the crown of the University course, and which furnish

the test that the time devoted to it has not been wasted. Their real value lies, of course, chiefly in this, though we must not depreciate the solid advantages which are involved in the possession of such a certificate of proficiency and cultivation as is contained in the simple title of Bachelor or Master of Arts. Even putting aside the many actual cases in which such a certificate is either absolutely necessary or of great positive advantage in facilitating the progress of those who have gained it in some profession or career, it cannot be doubted that the consideration which it brings with it in common estimation is no unlawful object of ambition, and no unsubstantial advantage in the battle of life. For this, unfortunately, we have no University of our own to go to. No Catholic University exists that has the power to confer degrees recognised in this country, and no University of the kind is likely to exist in England until the Catholic body is far more numerous and more powerful than it is. Universities are great institutions, and they require little less than a nation to feed them. The course of legislation may, perhaps, soon confer the requisite powers upon the Catholic University of Ireland, and it may be possible for Colleges in England to be associated to that body in such a way as to give them their share of the benefit. Till the need is provided for in that or in some other similar way, we must perforce seek degrees, if we are to have them at all, at the Protestant Universities.

We are desirous of speaking on this subject as simply and plainly as possible, as we are convinced that the more it is discussed with calmness and sobriety, the more certain shall we be to arrive, not only at the best solution of the difficulty, but at a solution which will readily commend itself to all candid and dispassionate minds. In the first place, it is allowed on all hands that at present there is but one choice open to us. We have more than once said that, at the present moment, as the elder Universities still require residence in the candidates for their degrees, Catholics as a body are debarred from availing themselves of them. In the second place, no one can have watched with any care the progress of gradual expansion

which has been going on at the great national Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, without seeing that it is not beyond the range of possibility that the time may come when they may open their doors a little wider, and allow all comers—or at least all comers from Colleges that may make arrangements with them—to present themselves at their examination boards for matriculation and for the degrees, while the whole process of instruction may be carried on at a distance, as is now the case with a number of Colleges, Catholic and Dissenting, which are associated to the London University. We must confess candidly that this sort of alliance, or affiliation, or whatever else it may be called, is not, in the proper sense of the term, University Education at all—even in the most favourable case imaginable, in which the real training of the mind in the first place, or the acquisition of knowledge on special subjects in the second place, may be left to the Catholic Colleges who perform all the work, in so liberal a way as not to interfere seriously with their proper curriculum. A merely examining body does not really *educate* in any true sense.* Still the time may come when Oxford or Cambridge may be ready to examine all comers as well as London. If such a time should ever come—and we see no reason whatever for not desiring that it

* We may remind our readers of the grave words of the great Catholic writer on Education of our time, who has so clearly said all that is worth saying on this very subject. "I protest to you, gentlemen," says Dr. Newman (*Discourses on the Scope and Nature of University Education*, p. 232), "that if I had to choose between a so-called University which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a University which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years and then sent them away, as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect—mind, I do not say which is morally the better, for compulsory study must be good, and idleness an intolerable mischief—but if I must determine which of the two courses was the most successful in training, moulding, and enlarging the mind; which sent out men the more fitted for their secular duties; which produced better public men—men of the world, whose names would descend to posterity—I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that University which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun."

may come—the opportunities opened to those who find themselves in the position in which we ourselves now are will have been greatly and beneficially widened. We shall have all we have now, and a good deal more. There is no use in arguing with prejudices or suspicions. If there are any persons who see an immeasurable distance, or any distance at all, between the same examination of the same students, conducted on the same principles and by the same men, and issuing in the same degree, in the one case in the schools at Oxford and in the other case in an examination room in London, we must wait till such persons rest their position upon some tangible and argumentative grounds before we can approach it as matter of reasoning. If, as far as examinations are concerned, Oxford and Cambridge become London, there can be no more objection to the former than to the latter. We are not now going to prejudge the issue of the experiment which is being so honestly tried by some of our Catholic teachers, whether it be possible to give a thoroughly Catholic training in philosophy and mental science, and at the same time continue with profit the connection with the London system of examination, and we may even heartily wish that success may attend that experiment. It would be idle, however, to deny that it may possibly end in failure, in consequence of the very important difficulties to which we have had to draw attention in former articles, and this possibility is quite enough to justify the wish that other alternatives may be open to Catholics, and the consideration of the principles on which the choice between such alternatives will be made.

We must refer, though most briefly, to the difficulties which beset the Catholic teacher in the task of which we have spoken. His own system is shaped on ancient models, and modern Universities, especially those which make it their boast completely to embody the ideas of the nineteenth century, require a more comprehensive field of study than he is ready willingly to adopt, fearing, as he most truly does, that multifariousness of scanty information is sure to breed shallowness, and to dissipate rather than to train the mind. He has to sacrifice

his great vital principle, that Universities should train and discipline the mind, rather than cram it, untrained and undisciplined, with knowledge on a multitude of special subjects. Again, his own traditional studies, especially the thorough scholarlike mastery of the two great languages of the ancient world, are comparatively unimportant in the new system. Again, it is a matter of importance to him that, even in classics, the examination should either be conducted on the old and sound principle of fixing no special books or parts of books—the principle generally adopted in “scholarship” examinations at Oxford and Cambridge—or that the choice of books presented by the candidate should, within certain limits and under certain conditions, be left to himself. Even on moral grounds this liberty is often most necessary to him. Not all examining boards take the strict view as to the less pure parts of the classical authors that Catholics take; and when the examination has to range over modern languages also, it has sometimes been found that a bad French novel has been selected for the study of youths of seventeen or eighteen. Again, the less the Catholic teacher has to do with “text-books” the better for him. Text-books are sure to be Protestant. At this moment, we believe, the candidates for matriculation at the London University have to be taught English history out of an abridgment of Hume. Then, as the teacher enters higher regions, and approaches logic, mental philosophy, morals, and the like, he must expect to find fresh and greater difficulties, which he may fairly think insurmountable. The elder Universities do not, perhaps, distinctly require a logic and a philosophy which Catholic teachers can only handle for the purpose of refutation, but it must be expected that the examination and the judgment of the examiners, if they are Protestants of the latter half of the nineteenth century, will be coloured in no slight degree by anti-Catholic doctrines. Something might perhaps be said in favour of an examination in which Aristotle and Butler are, if not text-books, at least the substantial foundations of the knowledge that is required, but it is difficult to speak with any degree of confidence unless we can

first ascertain the dominant philosophy which practically possesses the minds of the majority of teachers and pupils in a given University. Here, then, the Catholic teacher will be driven—indeed he practically is driven at present—to teach what is not examined in, to separate his own training from the training of the University to whose examinations he looks forward, and to look upon the degree, not as the final test of all that he has been labouring over, but as a sort of decoration for a part—and that not always the most important part—of the knowledge he has been instilling into his pupils. And, in the supposed case of the impossibility of allowing Catholic students in philosophy, for instance, to be examined and tested by Protestant examiners, and to prepare Protestant systems of philosophy for the purposes of the examination, the Catholic teacher will certainly prefer that one among Protestant Universities which will give him the degree on other points and on the best terms. That is, he will prefer a University which separates philosophy and history from classics, mathematics, and simple logic, or even from the two first without the last. If London will give him his degree for classics and mathematics, without philosophy, he will prefer London, even though the examination may be encumbered by a few of the “ologies” for which, as an instrument of education, he has not much respect; but if London will not do it, and if Cambridge or Oxford will—as Cambridge, at least, would at the present moment, if only the necessity of residence was not insisted on there, as it is not insisted on at London—then, on the plainest and simplest grounds of prudence and common sense, the Catholic teacher will prefer Oxford or Cambridge to London. These, then, are the elements into which the question of alternatives resolves itself. If we are to purchase an examination and a degree out of our own community, we should purchase it in the market most favourable to ourselves, that is, where our own traditions as to subjects are least interfered with, where the choice even of books is most left free to us, where there is the most liberal division among the schools that lead to the degree, so

that, if we cannot approach it by all roads on account of our faith, we may at least approach it by some without having to incur any danger to that faith.* Half a loaf is better than no bread, and it may be worth our while to accept a position which gives us the advantages of Academic examinations, distinctions, and degrees, even though we may be obliged to look to examinations and distinctions of our own as the tests and rewards of proficiency in some most important fields of study. A few prizes judiciously held out—perhaps to competitors from all the Catholic Colleges—would supply to some extent any stimulus required to prevent those fields from being disregarded. To return to our main subject, we must, of course, add other elements also which will have to be considered in the choice we may make, if it is our lot ever to have to make a choice. Without disregarding the claims of a body which has for some time, at all events, been willing to receive us when no other would do so, we shall naturally be inclined to wish for that field of

* As it is well that there should be no misunderstanding as to the facts of the case, we may remark that if the two elder Universities were ever to open their examinations to non-residents, and much more, if they were to carry out the principle of granting degrees in virtue of "local examinations" of a higher grade, they would be certain to modify their requirements so as to meet the just demands of the Colleges with which they might thus be brought into connection. At present, however, there is hardly anything required at Cambridge that a Catholic might not submit to far more easily than what he submits to at London, and the same may be said at Oxford as to the two first Examinations, Responsions and Moderations, excepting, of course, the amount of "Divinity" required. A recent Catholic writer on the subject has also fallen into a mistake as to the Final Examination at Oxford, which is worth correcting, all the more, as it is based upon a curious misquotation from the interesting work of Mr. Pattison, already mentioned. Putting aside, of course, the Divinity, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the like, there is nothing at all in the Final Pass Examination, as Mr. Pattison tells us, to frighten either the "Church party" or Catholics. "I appeal," he says, "to any of the Catholic students who have taken the ordinary degree at Oxford since 1854, to say if anything has been taught them officially which has been calculated to interfere with their religious belief." He goes on with a sentence which Dr. Gillow, the author to whom we allude, has omitted to quote, though its omission has made him quite misrepresent Mr. Pattison. Dr. Gillow does not seem to be aware that it is possible (and necessary) to "pass" in Arts, *i.e.*, *Literæ Humaniores*, and to take the B.A. honours in the three other schools of Mathematics, History and Law, and Natural Sciences, *without* seeking honours in the first-mentioned school. Mr. Pattison's words are—

examination where our young men will meet with competitors of the highest training, and those with whom it is most creditable to measure themselves, and for that Academical distinction which ranks as the highest honour of the kind in the estimation of Englishmen.

Such, as it appears to us, are the simple and obvious features of the question which, some day or other, Catholic educators may have to decide for themselves. We need only say, in conclusion, that this whole question is far too important and vital to be made the occasion for the indulgence of prejudice on the part of any one convinced of the immense and urgent necessity which exists for its speedy solution. It is too difficult to get those for whose benefit the measure which may be contemplated will have to be carried out to understand the need of a boon as yet strange to them; it is too difficult, after they have been awakened to the necessity, to supply them adequately with the inestimable treasures from which they have hitherto been in a great measure shut out—for

"Nor even in the honour curriculum for the other schools is danger supposed to lurk. It is the school of Classics (Literæ Humaniores) only, and specifically the philosophical subjects which have developed themselves within that school, which have alarmed the Church party. This the party must either conquer, or be content to see all the minds that come under the influences of that training—that is, all the minds of any promise that pass through Oxford—hopelessly lost to them" (p. 299). Dr. Gillow leaves out the important words which we have italicised, and he begins the last sentence thus—"This party must either conquer [by expelling this philosophy from the course of teaching]." And he goes on to comment on the passage thus—"The Rector of Lincoln College here assumes as a certain fact, that neither Catholics nor Tractarians can pass through the Honour Schools in Oxford without being hopelessly lost to the Catholic Church or the Tractarian party respectively" (*Higher Catholic Education*, p. 12). Mr. Pattison, however, does not say this, and he is only speaking of Tractarians. He is perfectly aware that honours can be gained in three other schools, or any one of them, besides the *Literæ Humaniores*. It is true that at present this last-named school is in the highest repute, so that as a matter of fact, not a matter of necessity, "all minds of any promise" pass through it. But both the degree and the First Class can be gained without it. Moreover, it would have been better to add the remainder of Mr. Pattison's sentences—"They," that is, the Church party, "are beginning to turn their efforts to overhaul and remodel the method and subjects of this school. Such is the ascendancy of the party at this moment in the councils of the University, that it is possible they will be successful." We have ourselves received information which makes us think that this last statement is likely to prove correct.

any one who has not either a secret fear of the spread of education, or somewhat of narrowness of mind and unwillingness to see a good done in any way but his own, to take the responsibility of opposing whatever may be practicable, provided it be not inconsistent with Catholic principles. Catholics are sometimes said by those who watch them from without to be torn by petty jealousies, and to paralyse their own forces by internal dissensions arising from the pettiest of bigotries. The taunt is not true, but it would have some foundation in fact if the great cause of Higher Education among us were embarrassed on account of objections that can never be openly expressed about places, or persons, or theories, or systems, or bodies. On the other hand, if the question be considered as practical and immediate, with the sincerest conviction of its importance, and with a resolute sacrifice of foregone conclusions, jealousies, and prejudices, it is not in reality difficult. The greatest difficulty lies in arousing the sense of the community in general to the need which all thoughtful men acknowledge so fully. That once accomplished, then, as far as is possible in the case of so small a body as the Catholic body in England at this moment, neither the pupils nor the teachers will be wanting to us. As for a new system of education, which requires to be drawn out and debated as to its first principles, the Catholic Church would not be what she is if she were in need of anything of the kind. She has her own traditions and her own method, she has long had her Universities and her learned bodies, who have made teaching their study for centuries, and who can have but little to learn from the new lights of our own time. By-and-bye, perhaps, we may have a Catholic University of our own, and the sooner the better. We must confess that we think that, if it were a possibility in our present condition, we should certainly have had it already. It is now several years since a considerable body of Catholic laymen made known at Rome their desire to seek for their children the education which they saw no means of obtaining elsewhere, even at the perilous cost of residence at the Protestant Universities. We have been sorry

to see that application spoken of contemptuously, for it is always honourable for Catholics suffering under a great want to submit their honest thoughts as to the way of supplying it to the highest authorities of the Church. But we only allude to these facts as showing the strong general recognition of the need of which we are speaking, and as going very far to prove, when taken in connection with another fact—namely, that no one has practically set about the organisation of a Catholic University—that this particular mode of meeting the need is not really thought by any considerable number of practical men to be within the range of present feasibility. We are thus thrown back upon our existing resources, and we can see no reason whatever against the conclusion that our best plan is to develop them to the utmost. It is a misfortune that the Colleges at which alone our young men can at present be trained in higher studies are not in some central position, and that the benefit of their classes must of necessity be confined to their own inmates. Such difficulties may possibly be overcome in time. But, if they are to be overcome, it must be by hearty and unselfish cooperation on the part of all who are alive to the vital interests that are at stake.

Mother and Child.

A hidden path among the trees,
A hidden stream and only heard,
That babbles to the summer breeze,
And music makes with bee and bird,
Divide the hills, and part the firs,
And share the beechen twilight green
Of quiet woods where little stirs,
Whose silent grace is felt, not seen.

Below the path, beside the rill,
Where thickest shade at noontide lay,
On orchids wet with dew-drops still,
Came child and mother day by day ;
A lovely child, though lame and blind,
Her bright black eyes roved idly round,
And slender limbs, too still reclined
In helpless rest upon the ground,
Or on the car of osier light
Wherein her goat had drawn her there,
From that far cottage glistening white
Beyond the trees in sunny glare.

A happy child, that happier seemed,
Because she might nor look, nor move ;
Who ne'er had lived, but only dreamed
An Angel's cradle-dream of love.
She was so full of happiness,
She sang more often than she spake ;
She loved, but knew not love's distress
Of eyes that watch, and hearts that break :
The wasted hand she could not see,
So often kissed, that clasped her own,
And pale lips pinched with penury
Close shut upon the stifled moan.

For her, all common sounds that pass
Our duller ears unheeded by—
The wind's light whisper in the grass,
The woodman's stroke that ran on high
From out the mist, or in the brake
The squirrel's leap among the leaves,

Or rustling that the reapers make
When binding up the brittle sheaves—
Did cadenced into music run,
Touched by her sense of beauty fine,
As beads of dew beneath the sun
Take colour, and like rubies shine.

Whate'er in types of pure delight
And loveliness may God reveal
Imaged by every sense, save sight—
Which only sinless natures feel—
To her especial gladness brought ;
The wild flowers and the birds of May
Such light within her darkness wrought,
As children see, in heaven who play.

Her very blindness mercy sent,
To hide from hers those sadder eyes
In silent tears above her bent—
Blind as her own to earth and skies—
And fingers by the needle worn
In toil for her, that never ceased
From ere she woke at early morn
Till stars forsook the kindling east.

For weary was the mother's life ;
A losing war with pain and care
Without, and worse within a strife,
Of dread with dread, and wish with prayer.
How could she live ?—her darling gone ;
How bear life's load, her grave beyond ?
How leave her there, to die alone,
Or only watched by eyes less fond ?

And now, with faltering lips she tried,
And heart that faltered more, to pray,
That God would let her wait beside
Her child, till called by Him away :
And now—if sharp pains wrung her breast,
Or faintness bowed her feeble frame,
A dreary thrill but half repress
Of pleasure o'er her spirit came.

" 'Tis woe to die ; 'tis woe to live ;
I cannot tell which woe the worst—
May God my selfish heart forgive—
I could not grieve if ta'en the first.
I cannot help but wish one way,
And hate myself for wishing this ;

And daily speak a prayer to stay—
I hope denied—till she's in bliss.
Short time have I on earth, I know;
Few tears above her grave to shed,
Ere death beside her lay me low—
But ah! to look upon her dead!"

In clear calm skies the summer waned,
O'er lifeless woods without a sound:
Undried all day the dews remained:
And dead leaves flecked the miry ground:
Yet duly as for months before,
Where leans a beach against a pine,
Around whose branches spiked and hoar
Its own lithe sprays of foliage twine,
Below the path, beside the brook,
The mother wept and watched her child,
Whose face already wore the look
Of those whom death takes undefiled.

The woodland-slopes with eve were grey;
One crag alone more bare and high,
Where lingered sunset's latest ray,
Glowed dimly red against the sky.
Her lips against her child's close prest,
The mother lay athwart the car,
Nor seemed to heed the paling west,
And night unfolding star by star.
Long time had ceased to browse the goat,
And patient stood, but half awake;
The cricket's chirp, day's closing note,
Was hushed within the silent brake.
All mute, except one wakeful bird
That in the pine's dark foliage sang,
And never sweeter voice was heard
Than his that up the valley rang.

He sang as though he longed to tell,
Yet only could in song make known,
Some happiness that just befell—
Some act of sovereign mercy shown.
And slept mother—slept the child:
The weary mother rested now;
So void of care her white lips smiled—
The peace of God upon her brow.
If they had heard that vesper-lay
Where they were now, from their high place,
Or holier strains, I can not say:
But listening seemed each happy face.

Japanese Sketches.

I.

It may seem a trite saying, but we wish to say it once more, that few objects so quickly touch the heart or enlist the sympathies of all conditions of men as a ruin, especially if that ruin indicates some state of society which has passed away never to return. Mr. Disraeli has observed, in one of his fantastic but suggestive fictions, that the age of ruins is past; but although it is true that the hurry and shifting excitement of the present moment is deadening the desire to study the past, the peculiar interest of ruins must always abide. To common observers there may be merely the consciousness of beauty, or some startling sense of contrast of effect, but in reality there exists for them, as well as for the "seeing eye," an underlying knowledge that some framework, once instinct with life and purpose, is a mouldering skeleton—that not only the hand, and mind, and divine energy of the framers have perished from sight, but moreover, that all upon which they spent their strength, for which they toiled and wrought, in which they believed and hoped, which they loved with whatever manly strength was in them—that all their *work*, in short, has perished with them.

Their swords are rust,
Their bodies dust,—

It is for this that, sitting in the shadow of the Pyramids, or beholding the giant beauty of Tadmor rise from the sand, or gazing at the temple of Neptune among the myrtles of Pæstum, we are struck with a double pathos. These and their makers have alike passed away. Their wonderful story and surpassing beauty bear no fruit, in any henceforth nor for ever.

But there are other ruins about which a holier sadness hangs, because our faith either engenders some hope of resurrection from death and fresh life in this world, or fixes our eyes upon "a new Heaven and a new earth" of fruition hereafter; and though we ponder their annals with sorrow, it is a sadness—like that accompanying all holy warfare—mingled with triumph and rejoicing. Our minds are divided, though not from the

same cause, like those of the rebuilders of the Temple, who partly wept and sighed, and partly shouted for joy.

It is in this last-mentioned mood that we should study the records glanced at in our present sketch—records offering such abundant interest that it is difficult to choose from the multitude of details—of the once flourishing and devoted Church in Japan, where, in about fifty years from the first preaching of the Gospel, the Christians numbered above a million of souls. Among these were reckoned eminent nobles, high-born ladies, officers of the Court, Princes and governors of territories, bonzes of the chief temples, whose position and very being depended upon the extinction of Christianity, and thousands of rich and prosperous citizens, whose trade also, to a great extent, thrived upon the customs and practices of the national worship. Those acquainted with the wonderful life of St. Francis Xavier will not have forgotten the memorable coincidence of the discovery of Japan about the time of his leaving Europe for the East, or the facts that, while the famous explorer, Mendez Pinto, in the year 1542, had penetrated the Japan Islands from one side, and three other Portuguese navigators, Pexota, Zeimoto, and Mota, discovered them by another course, Don Martin de Sosa, the Portuguese Governor-General of India, was landing at Goa with "Father Master Xavier," thereafter to become the Apostle of India and Japan. Six years afterwards a Japanese gentleman went to India to see and converse with Father Francis, was converted and baptised by him under the name of Paul de la Ste. Foi, sent to the University of Goa, and in the years to come largely assisted his great master in spreading religion through Japan.* Want of space, to say nothing of other reasons, forbids us to enlarge upon the career of the Saint who exercised so marvellous an influence in the East, and whose ardent generosity, noble character, and matchless gifts of winning, were fully appreciated by the keen-sighted and courteous Japanese. From the time of St. Francis Xavier's first visit to Cangochima the Jesuits freely entered Japan, and were established by Papal Brief as the chief Missionaries for that country. Their eminent success is said to have been based upon their invariably laying down a solid educational foundation, and securing the careful training of the scholars who flocked to them. To each mission was attached a

* It was Paul who, when questioned by St. Francis Xavier why the Japanese character was invariably upright, replied that it was because writing is intended to represent the ideas of men, who, of all created beings, were made upright by God.

public school, in which Christian doctrine, literature, and ecclesiastical and secular music were taught, and wherever unusual capacity was evinced, the Missionaries gathered those boys together in their own houses, and there instructed them how to make mental prayer, to practise distinctly the different virtues, to avoid and overcome sin, and excite the spirit of penance. Every Friday the boys went in procession to the churches, singing psalms and motetts, and publicly using corporal austerities, which were allowed in this manner by the Missionaries partly as a counterbalance to the severe life and asceticism taught by the bonzes. In this way, the fervour generally induced by corporal austerities, and the generous, uncalculating devotedness flowing from the continual thought of Christ's Passion, sprang up in full vigour from the very beginning throughout the missions, and ripened to their legitimate harvest, while *to die for Christ* became the habitual aspiration of the child-neophytes of Japan.

In 1570, the Missionary called the second founder of the Japanese Church died. This was Father Torrez, who had baptised over 30,000 persons with his own hands, and who at seventy years of age was still travelling, teaching, and founding missions and churches. While yet working he was seized with his last agony, made his general confession and received the Viaticum in the church where he was, bade farewell to all his sorrowing people, and was carried home to die. Considering what his life was, it is not wonderful that when laid upon the open bier in the usual manner in the church, crowds flocked from all parts to gaze upon the extraordinary beauty of his face, and to reverence him as one already at rest.

From that time until the year 1598, it is not possible to follow the tangled web of Japanese wars and plots, which also influenced the progress of religion, but it must be now premised that during that year the Emperor, or rather the supreme Emperor, Taicosama—for the dual form of imperial government existed then as now—died, leaving his son Findeyori, a child of six years old, under the Regency of his father-in-law, Ieyas Maldaira, "assisted" by four Regent-colleagues and five sub-governors or satraps. Their first act was to recal the Corean expedition, which had carried on war with China for seven years, and as this had involved the expenditure of much blood and treasure without achieving fame or acquiring new territory, the measure was unpopular, and split Japan at once into violent factions for and against the Regent, Ieyas. After much assembling of troops, and battles uncountable, of various fortunes, between him and his co-Regents, Ieyas

asserted his supremacy, and remained sole protector of the child-Emperor, Findeyori, that is, in fact, virtual master of the Japanese Empire. The suspension of all government, and general convulsion of social order, which lasted during these struggles for power, and the lull of exhaustion which succeeded, were both favourable accidents for the Christian Missionaries, who were then limited, by a special brief of Pope Gregory XIII., to Priests of the Society of Jesus.* Japan was, at the date of which we are now writing, a Province of the Order, and the Visitor, Father Valignano,† with Father Gomez, paid a state visit to the Governors of Nangasaki, to propitiate them and seek protection for their missions. They were received with much ceremony, and all their requests courteously allowed. The next event was that Father Organtin was despatched to Meaco and Osacca, where the Colleges belonging to the Society had been closed and dismantled two years before. These were now rebuilt, and the students once more re-assembled in their classes for study. As Ieyas continued to show himself favourably disposed, both to the Portuguese and their religion, the churches and missions around Meaco began to revive one by one, and the Catholic faith was gradually received and practised by vast numbers of Japanese. About the same time Ieyas invited the Spaniards to trade freely at his ports, and this circumstance was of great assistance to the Missionaries and their catechists.

It was not to be expected that so prosperous a state of religion should be universal throughout the empire, and at Nangasaki, in spite of the favour of the Governor, a kind of persecution rapidly set in, which obliged Monsignor Cerqueira, the Vicar-Apostolic, to retire, with sixteen Jesuit Fathers and thirty Seminarists, first to the island of Amacousa, and thence to Chiki, for safety. These Seminarists were trained chiefly in Christian doctrine, or what we should call the Short Catechism, translated into Japanese. As things remained in an unsettled state, Father Rodriguez was sent to Meaco to beg an audience of Ieyas, who received him most courteously, and gave him the fullest liberty both to practise and teach the Catholic religion, bidding him consider that he might freely go and come, and perform whatever business he wished in regard to his missions. It was probably the fulness of this important concession that stirred up the jealous fury dormant in the country, and which began to rage immediately here and there in the separate satrapies or governments, showing how divided the factions were, and how powerless was

* Given A. D. 1585.

† Or Valegnani.

Ieyas to control them. In Firando, the Governor, Foin, ordered his Christian wife, Donna Mancia,* to apostatise, issuing at the same time very stringent commands to the same effect to the Christian nobles of his Court. The edict was subsequently extended to his people at large, who were, many of them, very fervent Christians. But Donna Mancia was unshaken. "Herald of a mighty troop," she set the example of faith and generous constancy to that noble band of martyrs who will for ever dignify the women of Japan. She told her husband that she was willing in all things to submit to him as a wife ought to submit, that she would obey all his wishes, leave her little children, and go to live how and where he pleased, but that she could never forsake nor deny her Lord and Saviour Christ. Happily, her husband's love for her was so intense that he could not endure the thought of losing her, and, being gradually completely won by her submissive sweetness and Christian strength, he ended by declaring that she might choose and practise whatever religion she pleased. Donna Mancia remained therefore to train up her three little children, whom she had secretly baptised. Meanwhile, the nobles and people sought their Bishop, as in the old days of Roman persecution, and asked him whether they might leave all they had for Christ's sake, and fly to Nangasaki, where they could safely practise their religion. It is scarcely possible for us to measure the extent of their sacrifice in proposing this step, for the Japanese are a very domestic people, fond of their daily pursuits, and have a rooted attachment to accustomed places and surrounding objects. They would also have to encounter very serious obstacles, as, according to Japanese law, every vassal flying from his liege lord was liable to the punishment of death, and every one giving him shelter also incurred severe penalties. Notwithstanding all this, there was not one among all these devoted converts who shrank from the trial, and to this glorious band of the six hundred exiles of Firando might be touchingly applied our Lord's words—"Those whom Thou gavest Me have I kept, and none of them is lost." One of the nobles, Don Jerome, put himself in command of the troop, and they took ship and went forth, leaving everything they possessed on earth. Their poverty at the same time was very great, and the greater number of them had nothing wherewith to provide themselves with lodging or food. But those who also had left all to preach to them the Gospel, and even to give their lives for the sheep

* The Japanese converts were baptised and thenceforward known under Spanish or Portuguese names.

rescued from idolatry, were not likely to fail their flock in lesser needs. The Missionaries wrote urgent letters to Meaco and other places where fervent Christians resided, and setting every energy to work, begged money, clothing, and food from all who had them to give. An old College near Nangasaki was fitted up for them, and a crowd of neighbours flocked together, bringing them beds and bedding, clothes, flour, rice, and every kind of necessary, of which they had stripped themselves to bestow some comfort upon their exiled brethren. The wonderful self-sacrifice, the generous brotherly love, and the cheerful joy shown by all the Christians on this touching occasion quite overcame the astonished pagan Japanese. They went away loudly declaring that such virtues had never been known in any age, nor could ever be practised except by Christians. A second flight of 200 Christians happily so alarmed Foin, who was afraid of losing his most valuable subjects, that he issued a mandate of toleration, declaring that no one in his dominions should be molested on account of his religion, and the Bishops and Missionaries then enjoined their flocks to remain where they were and go about their duties in peace, until further troubles should arise.

After this exodus from Firando, religion spread rapidly through the neighbouring districts. Churches and missions were opened, catechists offered themselves in abundance, and Father Porro, with several companions, baptised 30,000 persons. The Governor of Yachchiro made himself the catechist of his own capital, and brought crowds of people of all ranks to be baptised. Another Governor, of Arima, had married a rich noble lady, who became a convert, and immediately opened a mission, where 1,100 persons were added to the Church. Everywhere inquiry, in the greater number of instances, ended in conversion and a fervent Christian life. It was impossible that such wonderful progress and success should not again stir up the powers of evil and their ministers, the pagan bonzes. Seeing the excitement and inflow of Christians, they thought it necessary to provide some counter-element of popular interest, and found it in the apotheosis of Taïcosama, the late Emperor. With vast pomp, and an unparalleled show of splendour, the decomposed body of this poor heathen despot was exhumed, carried in procession, and raised to the rank of an idol. A great temple was built in his honour, where his remains and image were placed amid a concourse of real or pretended worshippers, and for some considerable time the bonzes gained their end, and profited by a vast accumulation of offerings and gifts. But after this had lasted for some while, it

pleased God to magnify His own glory by miraculous manifestations, which were attested by so many witnesses that it was impossible to discredit the facts. On one St. Mark's Day, at Yachchiro, as several children were praying before the cemetery-cross, one of them saw it become luminous, and he and his companions beheld a number of shining figures, clothed in bright garments, adoring round the cross. The children having quickly spread the rumour of what they had seen, the Christian population was drawn to the spot, where they all saw the bright figures adoring the cross. And not once only, or in the excitement of the moment, but the same marvels continued to be seen by all sorts of beholders for three months, at the end of which time the Bishop called the Jesuit Missionaries together, and sifted the evidence they had to give. Finding, after careful discussion, that the facts could not be contradicted, the Bishop sanctioned the devotion which had sprung up to the cross of Yachchiro, and ordered it to be railed round, enclosed in an outer casing, and sheltered properly from the weather. At the same time he warned the Priests and their flocks that these signal favours were a sure token that unusual trials must be expected, for after these manifestations crowds flocked to the instructions, the catechists' hands were full, and Yachchiro became a kind of central fire of heroic virtue and self-sacrifice. One of the most famous of the Japanese converts, who afterwards sealed his earthly sacrifices with the blood of a martyr, Don Augustine Isoucamidono, was confirmed with great ceremony in the presence of the Prince of Arima. Christmas was celebrated with unusual splendour, and the new year was inaugurated by a special Feast, under the title of "Our Lady of Protection," instituted as an additional safeguard against the impieties with which that season was observed by the Japanese.

At the beginning of the year, the so-called Protector, Ieyas, became weary of wearing the mask of Regent any longer, and took open possession of the crown, as the Emperor Daïfousama. For some time to come the number of Missionaries could not suffice for the labours required of them, and 109 Jesuit Fathers and Brothers shared between them thirty houses, had built or re-opened fifty churches, and baptised 50,000 new converts. The whole State of Arima, numbering 70,000 inhabitants, was Christian; the Prince gave up his own palace for the use of the Missionaries, and, seconded by his excellent wife, gave them every facility for their ministrations. In Amacousa and Chiki, the refuge but lately of the Bishop and his friends, there were now forty-five churches, some of them little mountain-stations

completely hidden from the eye of man, and between these, two overburthened Fathers—all that could be spared—laboured with incessant toil. The whole of one lordship or territory was converted by its chief, Ichouyemondono, a boy of seventeen, who ordered even his bonzes to become Christians or leave his dominions, upon which six of them asked for instruction, and after some time were baptised. At Yachchiro one of the chief bonzes broke all the idols, and turned his temple into a Christian church. The lord of Bouyen, Cambioindono, baptised as Don Simeon, who at first had been a very fervent Christian, relaxed, and allowed his Christian subjects to be persecuted, and as so often happens, the persecution brought out a remarkable instance of heroism. A Japanese of some position and consequence committed some illegal offence, and fled the country, upon which, according to the law of Japan, his wife was seized and imprisoned until he should give himself up to justice. While this lady—for so in every sense she was—was in prison, she asked to be instructed in the Christian religion, and was baptised, probably by one of the Missionaries in disguise, and, as her husband did not make his appearance, she was condemned to death in his place. When the officials came to lead her to the cruel punishment of crucifixion, they offered her, as the privilege of gentle birth, a litter to convey her through the streets, but she replied that her Lord, for Whom she was about to die, had chosen to go painfully on foot for her sake, and she would follow Him on the same road. Just as the executioners were about to fasten her to the cross, they were so struck with pity that they proposed to put her to death first and crucify only her dead body. But this heroic woman would not be deprived of any portion of the merit to which she aspired, and she earnestly besought them not to let her die any other death but that of our Lord, and thus, nailed hand and foot, she slowly perished from agony and went to her crown. Almost immediately she reaped her reward, for, at the sight of such courage and generous devotion, twenty members of her family demanded baptism, and became very fervent Catholics, and not long afterwards Don Simeon roused himself, shook off his careless apathy, and began to lead a life full of good works and piety. At Osacca, also, a lepers' house and orphanage were founded. Hitherto the poor despised lepers had wandered like outcasts in the street, and it was amazing to the pagan Japanese to see the Catholics giving them alms and words of pity and comfort.

In the year 1600 A.D., Father Gomez died, being removed just

in time from the terrible reverses to come. For twenty-five entire years out of the forty-six he had spent in the Society, he had prayed to be sent to Japan, where, after seventeen years of such toil as we can scarcely conceive, he went to his well-earned rest. The next event was that civil war of two years, of which we have already spoken, during which the Missionaries lost much property, and were stripped of their Houses and Colleges, while the Catholic Princes who had been their stay were chiefly killed, ruined, or exiled. And at the end of that fierce struggle, as has been related, Ieyas, as Daïfousama, became sole ruler of the empire. Nearly the first of his acts of supreme power was to take Don Augustine out of prison—for he had acted against and offended him—and to put him to death. It is not easy to perceive why Daïfousama now completely changed his tactics in regard to the Missionaries and their religion. Probably he had wished to propitiate the Spanish traders, and to secure aid in case the war went against him, and now that he felt himself independent he acted at the instigation of the ministers of the popular worship. We all have seen and felt the same causes at work, and similar results following in their degree the way of Him to Whom on one day was cried "Hosanna!" and on the morrow, "Crucify Him!"

Don Augustine ended his brave, faithful, and chequered life by a glorious martyrdom. He made one request, that he might see a Priest for confession, and this one, though made to Daïfousama by another Catholic Prince, was refused. He was thenceforward so carefully watched and guarded that it was impossible for any of the Missionaries to approach him, even in disguise. In these straits, Don Augustine did what he could, making frequent acts of contrition, and offering himself continually to God as a victim, and so preparing himself day by day for that final act of martyrdom which was rapidly approaching. He was taken out of prison, and led, with his companions, through the streets of Osacca and Meaco, first on miserable pack-horses, and then in carts, and during this last exhibition some kind Catholic came close to the cart, and told Augustine of all that had been tried to bring him the comfort of the last Sacraments, and begged him to be truly sorry for his sins, and to make fervent acts of contrition. He answered that he hoped he was truly penitent, and full of confidence in God's mercy. All the time he was holding his beads in one hand, and in the other a little picture of our Lord with His Blessed Mother, which he had much prized, as it was sent to him by Queen Catharine of

Portugal, the sister of the Emperor Charles V. As the cart went slowly along the streets, the bonzes took advantage of the opportunity to proffer their hideous worship, and one of their chiefs, who never showed himself except on great occasions, implored Don Augustine to take one of the sacred idolatrous books and place it on his head, which is the highest sign of reverence in Japan. Don Augustine indignantly refused, and drove him away with every sign of detestation and horror. When they reached the place of execution, he threw himself on the ground and prayed, and then kneeling down, calmly offered his head to the stroke of the sword. It was not till after three blows that his head fell, and the brave martyr departed in peace. The Christians first buried his body, and then took it away by night to the Jesuits' House at Meaco, where the Fathers had it buried, and numbers of Masses were said for his soul both in Japan and in Europe, by the express order of the General of the Society. The martyr's son, a boy of twelve years old, was also seized, and after being allowed confession, was barbarously put to death, and his head was carried to Daïfousama. In this way the furnace was gradually heated, in which the gold was afterwards seven times tried and refined.

Difficulties of the Theory of Natural Selection.

[We need hardly say that the following interesting remarks on Mr. Darwin's theory as to the origin of species are not meant to discuss the question on theological grounds. The writer assumes the hypothesis that the theory in question does not of necessity contradict either the doctrine of Creation, or the Scriptural accounts which bear upon the fact of Creation. This being so, the theory may be discussed without reference to its advocates. Some of these may certainly not have spoken in a Catholic manner either as to Creation or the Scriptural narrative. But the theory need not be involved in the fault of its supporters. It is too often the case that the students of physical phenomena are prone to think that the generalisations at which they have arrived are such as to raise difficulties against received doctrines or interpretations of Scripture, and to use their discoveries as weapons against religion. Their great prevailing fault is their defect of logic. The best and most intelligent critics among men of their own class have often remarked on this, and it is evident to the whole world in the notorious fact of the rapidity with which theories based on premature generalisations have constantly to be abandoned before the force of subsequent discoveries. Akin to this want of precise logic is the impetuosity with which hastily-formed theories based upon observations of indisputable though exaggerated value are forced into collision with the venerable truths of faith. We do not now inquire whether the advocates of the theory of Natural Selection have not committed many faults of this last kind. But this question need not here be discussed, and it may fairly be put aside for the moment for the sake of examining the theory on its own ground, and testing its competency to explain the whole of the phenomena which it ought to explain. This is the best way of arriving at a proper estimate of its value, and it enables us gratefully to welcome whatever is of importance in the observations on which it is grounded, and to see their true bearing upon the advance of natural sciences. The theory may then be found to add greatly to our knowledge, without in any way conflicting with what is already certain and incontrovertible.]

MR. DARWIN'S theory of "Natural Selection" is perhaps the most interesting theory, in relation to natural science, which has been promulgated during the present century. Remarkable indeed is the way in which it groups together such a vast and varied series of biological* facts, and even paradoxes, which it appears more or less clearly to explain. By this theory of "Natural Selection" light is thrown on the more singular facts relating to the geographical distribution of animals and plants: for example, on the resemblance between the past and present inhabitants of different

* Biology is the science of life. It contains zoology, or the science of animals, and botany, or that of plants.

parts of the earth's surface, creatures closely allied to kangaroos having existed in the Australian region, where alone kangaroos are now found; and sloths and armadillos living now only in South America, where also we find the remains of extinct forms nearly related to them. Such coincidences are numerous. Again, it serves to explain the circumstance that often in adjacent islands we find animals closely resembling, and appearing to represent, each other; while if certain of these islands show signs (by depth of surrounding sea or what not) of more ancient separation, the animals inhabiting them exhibit a corresponding divergence.* "Rudimentary structures" also receive an explanation by means of this theory. These structures are parts which are apparently functionless and useless where they occur, but which represent similar parts of large size and functional importance in other animals. Examples of such "rudimentary structures" are the foetal teeth of whales and of the front part of the jaw of ruminating quadrupeds. These are minute in size and never cut the gum, but are reabsorbed without ever coming into use, while no other teeth represent them in the adult condition of those animals. The mammary glands of all the male animals, and the minute wing-bones of the New Zealand apteryx, are other examples. Again, the curious fact that animals of very different form and habit (as, for example, the whale and the bat, or again the butterfly and the shrimp) are yet constructed on an essentially similar type is also readily explicable by "Natural Selection." That remarkable series of changes which animals undergo before they attain their adult condition, which is called their process of development, and in which they more or less closely resemble the early stages of the same process in other animals, has also great light thrown on it from the same source. The singularly complex resemblances borne by every adult animal and plant to a certain number of other animals and plants finds its solution in a similar manner. Finally, by this theory—and as yet by this alone—can any explanation be given of that extraordinary phenomenon termed *mimicry*. Mimicry is a close and striking, yet superficial resemblance borne by some animal or plant to some other very distinct animal or plant. The "walking leaf" (an insect belonging to the grasshopper order) is a well known but most striking instance of the assumption by an animal of the appearance of a vegetable structure, and the bee, fly, and spider orchids are familiar examples of a converse resemblance. Birds, butterflies, and even fish, seem to have in

* For very interesting examples see Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, lately published.

certain instances a similarly striking external semblance to birds, butterflies, and fish of altogether distinct kinds.

Not only are all these diverse facts strung together, as it were, by the theory in question; not only does it explain the development of the complex instincts of the beaver, the cuckoo, the bee, and the ant, the song of the birds, the perfume of flowers, and the brilliant clothing of some of each; but it serves as a basis of future research and of inference from the known to the unknown. It guides the investigator to the discovery of new facts which, when ascertained, it seems also able to co-ordinate.* Nay, "Natural Selection" seems capable of application not only to the building up of the smallest and most insignificant organisms, but even of extension beyond the biological domain altogether, so as possibly to have relation to the stable equilibrium of the solar system itself and even of the whole sidereal universe.

Thus, whether this theory be true or false, all lovers of natural science should, on account of its practical utility, acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to Messrs. Darwin and Wallace. With regard to the former gentleman (with whose name, on account of the noble self-abnegation of Mr. Wallace, the theory is, in general, exclusively associated) his friends may heartily congratulate him on the fact that he is one of the few exceptions to the rule respecting the non-appreciation of a prophet in his own country. It would be difficult to name another living labourer in the field of physical science who has excited an interest so widespread, and given rise to so much praise and animadversion, gathering round him, as he has done, a chorus of more or less completely acquiescing disciples, themselves masters in science and each the representative of a crowd of enthusiastic followers. But other causes have concurred to produce this interest in the theory besides the way in which it harmonises with biological facts. The latter could be only appreciated by men of science, while this theory, so novel and so startling, has found a cloud of advocates and opponents beyond and outside the scientific world.

In the first place, it was inevitable that a great crowd of half-educated men and shallow thinkers should accept with eagerness the theory of "Natural Selection," on account of a certain characteristic it has in common with other theories, which should

See Müller's work, *Für Darwin*, lately translated into English. Mr. Wallace also predicts the discovery in Madagascar, of a hawk-moth with a certain length of proboscis, from the existence of a peculiarly elongated flower. See *Journal of Natural Science*. 1867.

not be mentioned in the same breath with it except, as now, with the accompaniment of protest and apology. We refer to its remarkable simplicity, and the ready way in which phenomena the most complex appear to be explained by a cause for the comprehension of which laborious and persevering efforts are not required, but which may be represented by the simple phrase "survival of the fittest."*

It is in great measure owing to this, and to a belief that it is yet easier and more simple than it is, that Darwinism, however imperfectly understood, has become a subject for general conversation in the way it has done, and has been able thus widely to increase a certain knowledge of biological matters; and this excitement of interest in quarters where otherwise it would have been entirely wanting, is an additional motive for gratitude on the part of naturalists to the authors of the new theory. At the same time it must be admitted that a similar "simplicity"—the apparently easy explanation of complex and difficult facts—also constitutes the charm of such matters as hydropathy, homœopathy, and phrenology, in the eyes of the unlearned or half-educated public. It is indeed, *the* charm of all those seeming "short cuts" to knowledge by which the labour of mastering scientific details is spared to those who yet believe that without such labour they can attain all the most valuable results of scientific research. It is not, of course, for a moment meant to imply that its "simplicity" tells in any way against "Natural Selection," but only that the possession of that quality is a strong reason for the wide and somewhat hasty acceptance of the theory, whether it be true or not.

In the second place, it was inevitable that a theory appearing to have very important relations with questions of the last importance and interest to man, that is, with questions of religious belief, should call up an army of assailants and defenders. Nor have the supporters of the theory much reason to blame the more or less unskilful and hasty attacks of adversaries, seeing that those attacks have been in part, if not mainly, due to the unskilful and perverted advocacy of the cause on the part of some of its adherents. If the *odium theologicum* has inspired some of the former, it is undeniable that the *odium antitheologicum* has possessed not a few of the latter. When we recollect the warmth with which what he thought was Darwinism was advocated by such a writer as Vogt, one cause for his zeal was not far to seek—a zeal, by the way,

* "Natural Selection" is happily so termed by Mr. Hebert Spencer in his *Principles of Biology*.

certainly not "according to knowledge," for few conceptions could have been more conflicting with true Darwinism than the theory he formerly maintained, but has now abandoned, viz., that the men of the Old World were descended from African and Asiatic apes, while, similarly, the American apes were the progenitors of the human beings of the New World. The cause of this palpable error in a too-eager disciple was not, we hope, anxiety to snatch all or any arms possibly available against Christianity, but the style of the author cannot but make us fear it, for he is a writer whose offensiveness is so gross that it is only surpassed by his amazing shallowness.

It is easy to complain of the one-sidedness of many of those who oppose Darwinism in the interest of orthodoxy; but hardly, if at all, less patent is the intolerance and narrow-mindedness of some of those who advocate it, avowedly or covertly, in the interests of heterodoxy. This hastiness of rejection or acceptance determined by ulterior consequences believed to attach to "Natural Selection," is unfortunately in part to be accounted for by some expressions and a certain tone to be found in Mr. Darwin's writings. That his expressions are not always to be construed literally is manifest. The way in which he speaks figuratively of "purpose," for example, and "design," has occasioned, from the Duke of Argyll and others, criticisms which fail to tell against the theory, because such expressions are in Mr. Darwin's writings merely figurative. It may be hoped that a similar looseness of expression will account for passages of a directly opposite tendency, but it is nevertheless impossible to acquit Mr. Darwin of considerable rashness in appearing to oppose ideas which he gives no clear evidence of having ever understood. He is far from being alone in this, and probably merely assumes and reiterates, without much consideration, assertions and positions previously assumed by others. It has been the practise of too many first to misrepresent their adversary's view, and then elaborately refute it, in fact to erect a doll incapable of self-defence, and then, with a flourish of trumpets and many vigorous strokes, to overthrow the helpless dummy they had previously raised. Thus many who more or less distinctly oppose Theism in the interests, as they believe, of physical science, represent, amongst other things, a gross and narrow anthropomorphism as the necessary consequence of views opposed to those which they themselves advocate.

It is just in this way that Mr. Darwin assumes that the idea of "creation" necessitates a belief in an interference with, or dispensation of, natural laws, and that "creation" must be

accompanied by arbitrary or unordered phenomena. None but the crudest conceptions are placed by him to the credit of supporters of the dogma of creation, and it is constantly asserted that they must offer "creative fiat" as explanation of physical phenomena, and be guilty of numerous absurdities. Mr. Darwin and others like him may be excused if they have not devoted much time to this study of Christian philosophy. But why assume as an undoubted fact that in that philosophy there is a necessary conflict between two such ideas as "creation" and "evolution?" Are there no Christian thinkers who accept both? We are not now speaking of theological questions, but we may say this much—that there are many as well versed in theology as Mr. Darwin in his own department of natural knowledge who would not be disturbed by witnessing the demonstration of his theory, and who are not affected at the idea even of what is called spontaneous generation and others like it, simply because they conceive that the possibility of such phenomena had been provided for in the old philosophy centuries before Darwin, or even before Bacon, and that, should all such possibilities even become realised facts they would take their place in the system without even disturbing its order, far less marring its harmony.

To return, however, to Mr. Darwin's theory of "Natural Selection." Whatever may have hitherto been the amount of acceptance it has met with, all anticipated that the appearance of his large and careful work on *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, could not but yet further increase that acceptance. We must, however, confess that we are now not without doubt as to how far such anticipations will be realised. The new book seems to us to add but little in support of the theory, and to leave most, if not all, its difficulties exactly where they were, while as to the hypothesis of "Pangenesis,"* it appears to us to be a question whether it may not be found rather to encumber than to support the theory it was invented to subserve. However, the work in question treats only of domestic animals, and probably the next instalment will address itself more vigorously and directly to the difficulties which seem to us yet to bar the way to a complete acceptance of the doctrine.

* "Pangenesis" is the name of a new theory promulgated by Mr. Darwin. It proposes to account for various facts, such as the occasional reproduction by individuals of lost parts, the development in offspring of parental or ancestral characters, &c., by the possession by every creature of countless indefinitely minute atoms termed "gemmules," which are supposed to be in constant circulation about the body.

As we have hinted, we are here going to admit the notion of organic and other evolution, but at the same time to suppose that new forms of animals and plants (new species, genera, &c.,) have from time to time been evolved from preceding animals and plants, not by the action of "Natural Selection" *alone*, but by that of certain laws, at present unknown, acting partly through powers and tendencies existing in each organism, partly through influences exerted on each by surrounding agencies, organic and inorganic, terrestrial and cosmical, among which the "survival of the fittest" plays a certain but subordinate part.

The theory of "Natural Selection" may (though it need not) be taken in such a way as to lead men to regard the present organic world as formed, so to speak, *accidentally*, beautiful and and wonderful as is confessedly the hap-hazard result. A similar character attaches to the view advocated by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who however agrees with us in relegating "Natural Selection" to a subordinate rôle. We are convinced, on the other hand, that the whole organic world arises and goes forward in an harmonious development similar to that which displays itself in the growth and action of each separate organism, and that each such separate organism is the expression of powers and tendencies not to be accounted for by "Natural Selection" alone, or even by that together with merely the influence of surrounding conditions.

The difficulties which appear to us to oppose themselves to the reception of "Natural Selection," have in all probability been already carefully considered by Mr. Darwin, nevertheless it may not be altogether useless to enumerate them, and we are sure so candid and careful a naturalist as the author of the theory in question, will feel obliged by a suggestion of all the doubts and difficulties which can be brought against it.

What we have now to bring forward may be summed up as follows :—

1. That though potent to explain the maintenance or further extension of favourable variations, the theory fails to account for the conservation and development of the first beginnings of such.
2. That on the theory of "Natural Selection" it is all but impossible, such are the probabilities against it, that identical structures should have arisen independently. Yet many structures undeniably exist which to all appearance must have so arisen.
3. That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually.
4. That the causes of variability in domestic animals have not

been proved to be of the same nature as those acting upon wild species.

5. That there is more reason to believe that species have definite though very different limits to their variability, than that all are capable of indefinite variation.

6. That some recent zoological and anatomical discoveries tend rather to diminish than to multiply the evidence in favour of minute and gradual modification.

7. That certain fossil transitional forms are absent which might have been expected to be present.

8. The great extent of geographical change required during the existence of the present fauna forms another objection.

9. That the objection drawn from the physiological difference between "species" and "races" still exists unrefuted.

10. That the phenomena of reversion still present a difficulty which has by no means been overcome.

11. That even if the origin of species by "Natural Selection" were proved, yet other phenomena not less remarkable would still remain unexplained, and that the explanation of such may possibly be at the same time the key to specific origination.

Besides these objections to the sufficiency of "Natural Selection," others may be brought against the hypothesis of "Pangenesis," which, professing as it does to explain great difficulties, seems to do so by presenting others not less great—almost, perhaps, to be the explanation of *obscurum per obscurius*.

Let us now dwell briefly on these difficulties one by one :—

1. *That though potent to explain the maintenance or further extension of favourable variations, the theory fails to account for the conservation and development of the first beginnings of such.*

It is distinctly enunciated by Mr. Darwin that the spontaneous variations are individually minute and insignificant. He says :* "Slight individual differences, however, suffice for the work, and are probably the sole differences which are effective in the production of new species." And again, after mentioning the frequent sudden appearances of domestic varieties, he speaks of "the false belief as to the similarity of natural species in this respect."†

Now the conservation and intensification of minute variations in many instances is of course plain and intelligible enough, such, e.g., as those which tend to promote the destructive faculties of carnivorous beasts on the one hand, or to facilitate the flight or

* *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, vol. ii., p. 192.

† *Ibid.*, p. 414.

concealment of their prey on the other; provided always that these minute beginnings are of such a kind as really to have a certain efficiency, however small, in favour of individual conservation.

But some of the cases which have been brought forward, and which have met with very general acceptance, seem less satisfactory when carefully analysed than they at first appear to be. Amongst these we may mention the "neck of the giraffe." At first sight it would seem as though a better example in support of "Natural Selection" could hardly have been chosen. Let the hypothesis of an occurrence of occasional severe droughts in the country which that animal has inhabited be granted. In that case, when the ground vegetation has been consumed and the trees alone remain, it is plain that at such times only those individuals (of the nascent giraffe species) who were able to reach up very high would be preserved, and would become the parents of the following generation, some individuals of which would, of course, inherit that high-reaching power which alone preserved their parents. The issue only of these would again (*ceteris paribus*) be preserved at the next drought, and would again transmit to their offspring their still loftier stature; and so on from period to period through æons of time, all the individuals which tend to revert to the ancient shorter type being ruthlessly destroyed at the occurrence of each drought.

But against this it may be said: (1.) That the argument proves too much, for, on this supposition, many species must have tended to undergo a similar modification, and we ought to have a variety of forms similar to the giraffe developed from* different leaf-eating ungulates.* A careful observer of animal life, who has long resided in South Africa, explored the interior, and lived in the giraffe country, assures us that the giraffe has powers of locomotion and endurance fully equal to those possessed by any of the other ungulates of that continent. Therefore some at least of these ought to have similarly developed, under pain of being exterminated by the overreaching of the giraffe when the long neck of the latter was in its incipient stage.

(2.) The power of reaching upwards acquired by the lengthening of the neck and legs must have necessitated a considerable increase in the entire size and mass of the body, and it is very problematical whether the disadvantages thence arising would not, in times of scarcity, more than counterbalance the advantages. For a considerable increase in the supply of food would

* Ungulates are hoofed beasts, *e.g.*, ox, horse, swine, &c.

be requisite on account of the increase in size, and, at the same time, a certain decrease in strength; for, as Mr. Herbert Spencer says,* "in similarly-shaped bodies the masses vary as the cubes of the dimensions, whereas the strengths vary as the squares of the dimensions." And in any animal, the height of which shall have been doubled, the bones and muscles will have been made but four times as strong, while the strain on the organism and the inertia to be overcome will be augmented eight times. However, allowing this favourable example to pass, many other instances present great difficulties.

Let us take the cases of mimicry amongst lepidoptera, and suppose that a butterfly of a much-preyed-on species presents a very slight variation from the parent insects, and let it be conceded, for argument's sake, that a small deviation from the normal colouring or form will tend to make it escape destruction, by causing it more or less frequently to be passed over or mistaken by its persecutors. Yet the deviation must be in some definite direction, either towards some vegetable form, as in the leaf butterfly,† or towards another kind of butterfly, which escapes persecution from some offensive property, as in well-known South American forms. But as, according to Mr. Darwin's theory, there is a constant tendency to indefinite variation, and as the minute incipient variations will be in *all directions*, they must tend to neutralise each other, and at first to form such unstable modifications that it is difficult, if not impossible, to see how such indefinite oscillations of infinitesimal beginnings can ever build up a sufficiently appreciable resemblance to the leaf or other butterfly for "Natural Selection" to seize upon and perpetuate.

Again, at the other end of the process it is almost as difficult to account for the last touches of perfection in the mimicry. Some insects which imitate leaves extend the imitation even to the very injuries inflicted on those leaves by the attacks of insects or of fungi. How this double mimicry can importantly aid in the struggle for life seems a puzzling question, but much more so how the first faint beginnings of the imitation of such injuries in the leaf can be developed in the animal into such a complete representation of them.

Mr. Darwin explains the imitation of some species by others by the assured fact of the common origin of both the mimic and the mimicked species, and the consequent possession by both

* *Principles of Biology*, vol. i., p. 122.

† See Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, vol. i., p. 204.

(according to the hypothesis of "Pangenesis") of gemmules tending to reproduce the ancestral colours, which colours the mimic must be assumed first to have lost and then to have again recovered. Mr. Darwin says:* "Varieties of one species frequently mock distinct species—a fact in perfect harmony with the foregoing cases, and explicable *only on the theory of descent*." But this is but a partial and incomplete explanation, for we should have to go far back indeed to reach the common ancestor of the mimicking walking-leaf insect and the real leaf it mimics, or the original progenitor of both the bamboo insect and the bamboo itself.

In such cases no reason can be assigned why a variation tending in an *infinitesimal degree* in any special direction should be preserved. All variations would be preserved which tended to obscure the perception of an animal by its enemies, whatever direction those variations might take; and the common preservation of conflicting tendencies would necessitate their mutual neutralisation and obliteration, if we may at all rely on the many cases recently brought forward by our author with regard to domestic animals.

The theory of "Natural Selection" excludes the notion of a *sudden* resemblance to a leaf or a bamboo. Any spontaneous tendency in such direction is similarly and equally excluded, through the impossibility of explaining such cases by "community of descent." It is, to say the least, then, quite unwarrantable to use that explanation in the one case when its inapplicability in the other is manifest.

Another instance which may be cited is the symmetrical condition of the heads of the flat fishes (*pleuronectide*), such as the sole, flounder, brill, turbot, &c. In these both the eyes come to be placed, in the adult, on the same side of the head. If this condition had appeared at once, its perpetuation by "Natural Selection" is conceivable enough, but how the transit of one eye a minute fraction of the journey towards the other side of the head could benefit the individual is, indeed, far from clear, and it must always be recollected that "Natural Selection" only acknowledges minute variations. Moreover, these anomalous fishes seem to be probably of recent origin—*i.e.*, geologically speaking. We are not of course disposed to lay any great stress on the mere absence of their remains, nevertheless that absence is noteworthy, seeing that existing fish families—*e.g.*, the sharks (*squalide*)—have been found more or less abundantly in the carboniferous rocks.

* See Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, vol. ii., p. 351.

Another difficulty seems to be the first formation of the limbs of the higher animals. The lowest vertebrata* are perfectly limbless, and if, as most Darwinians would probably assume, the primeval vertebrate creature was also apodal, how are the preservation and development of the first rudiments of limbs to be accounted for—such rudiments being, by the theory, infinitesimal and fractionless?

Again, a prehensile tail is undoubtedly a great assistance to an arboreal ape, but in the series of American monkeys some have this structure perfectly developed, some have it imperfectly, some scarcely at all, and in others it is absolutely wanting. It is impossible to believe that in any number of ages the first slight incipient tendency to grasp could preserve the lives of the individuals possessing it, or favour their chance of having and of rearing offspring.

The development of whalebone (*baleen*) in the mouth of whales is another difficulty. Once let it have grown to such a degree as to be at all useful, and then its preservation and augmentation within serviceable limits follows naturally. But how obtain the beginning of such useful development? Certain animals of exclusively aquatic habits, the dugong and manatee, also possess more or less horn on the palate, and at first sight this might be taken as a mitigation of the difficulty; but it is not so, and the fact does not help us one step further along the road, for in the first place these latter animals differ so importantly in structure from the whales and porpoises that they form an altogether distinct order, and in the second place the horny matter on their palate has not even initially the "strainer" action of the cetacean baleen.†

The sea urchins (*echinus*) have their spheroidal bodies furnished with certain very peculiar structures besides the spines and suckers which aid locomotion. The peculiar structures in question are termed *pedicellariæ*, and each consists of a long slender stalk, ending in three short limbs, the whole supported by a delicate

* The term "vertebrate" denotes that large group of the animal kingdom which contains all beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes, and which is characterised by the possession of a spinal column, commonly known as the "back-bone."

† A whale-bone. A whale's mouth is furnished with numerous horny plates, which hang down from the upper jaw. They form two series, one on each side of the mouth, and the plates are placed transversely to the long axis of the body and very close together. On the inner edges of all the plates numerous fibres, as it were, fray out, and the multitude of fibres constitutes a sort of sieve, through which the water, taken into the mouth at each gulp, escapes, leaving behind the minute creatures on which these whales live.

internal skeleton. The three limbs (or jaws) which start from a common point at the end of the stalk are in the constant habit of opening and closing together with a snapping action, while the stalk itself sways about. The utility of these appendages is at present problematical; it may be that they remove from the surface of the animal's body foreign substances which would be prejudicial to it, and what it cannot otherwise get rid of. But granting this, what would be the utility of the *first rudimentary beginnings* of such structures, and how could such incipient buddings have ever preserved the life of a single echinus?

In that same echinus, as in many allied forms, and also in some sufficiently remote ones, a very peculiar mode of development exists. The adult is not formed from the egg directly, but the egg gives rise to a creature which freely swims about, feeds, and is even somewhat complexly organised. Soon a small lump appears on one side of its stomach, this enlarges, and having established a communication with the exterior, envelopes and appropriates the creature's stomach with which it swims away and develops into the complete adult form, while the dispossessed individual perishes.

Again, certain flies differ as to their mode of development from all other known animals, though they present a certain faint kind of resemblance to the echinus and their allies. In these flies, the grub is produced from the ovum, but this, instead of growing up into the adult in the ordinary way, contains certain patches of tissue, which patches respectively form certain parts of the adult animal and coalesce together. Now we confess our inability to conceive how either of these developmental processes could have *arisen* by the aid of "Natural Selection" alone.

There is an indefinite quantity of other structures or modes of being equally difficult to account for by Mr. Darwin's theory only. Such are, *e.g.*, the origin of such a part as a "mammary gland," and the *external* position in some animals of correlative glandular structures.

The projecting lumps of skin on the cheeks of the male orang-outan can hardly be supposed to tend to the preservation of the individual, nor can it aid (as the brilliant plumage of many birds is supposed to do) in the continuation of the race; as, in apes, the female is notoriously the weaker and less armed, and does not certainly *select*. On the other hand, the presence of this enlarged appendage must occasion a slight increase in the need of nutriment, and so far must be a detriment, although its detrimental effect would not be worth speaking of except in relation to

Darwinism, according to which "Selection" has acted through some millions of billions of ages, and has ever tended to suppress any useless development by the struggle for life. More or less similar difficulties attend certain sexual colours in the same group of animals.

Finally, such conditions as we find in some serpents are singularly puzzling to the Darwinian; such, *e.g.*, as the rattle of the rattlesnake, which tends to warn the intended victim by the ear as the expanding neck of the cobra warns the eye. As to any power of fascination exercised by means of these actions, the most distinguished naturalists, *certainly* the most distinguished erpetologists, entirely deny it, and it is opposed to the careful observations of those known to us; but, granting for argument's sake, that such an effect is occasionally produced, the opposite one must operate far more frequently, but even if the contrary effects merely balanced each other, "Natural Selection" would be unable to develope either.

A vast number of difficulties similar to those which have been mentioned might easily be cited, but for want of space those given must suffice.

2. *That on the theory of "Natural Selection" it is all but impossible, such are the probabilities against it, that identical structures should have arisen independently. Yet many structures undeniably exist which to all appearance must have so arisen.*

It is generally considered that the pouched beasts, or marsupial mammals (that is, the kangaroos, opossums, phalangers, &c.) are an ancient offshoot from the great mammalian class,* and although Professor Huxley has suggested another view,† yet this has not met with any notable acceptance, and has, we believe, been abandoned by its author, who, if we do not mistake, has returned to the older and more general notion.

Now assuming that the marsupials are such an ancient offshoot,

* The class mammalia contains all warm-blooded animals which suckle their young, such as apes, bats, hoofed beasts, lions, and other beasts of prey, whales, marsupials, &c.

† In his Hunterian course for 1866, the Professor promulgated the opinion that a great and widely-diffused marsupial fauna may have existed anterior to the development of the ordinary or non-pouched beasts, and that the carnivorous, insectivorous, and herbivorous non-pouched forms may have descended respectively from anterior carnivorous, insectivorous, and herbivorous pouched forms. If this view could be substantiated, we should have a common, simultaneous modification of very distinct forms, so that the difficulty raised would be rather augmented than diminished by such an interpretation of zoological facts.

nothing can be more remarkable than the identity of structure between certain of the teeth of the large predatory marsupial called the thylacine, or Tasmanian wolf, and those of the common dog. The resemblance is so complete that community of descent is at once most forcibly suggested, and yet on the assumption adopted, the thylacine may be closely related genetically to the kangaroo and its allies, but must be separated from the dog by an abyss. In the same way a quite remarkable resemblance obtains between the back teeth of beasts of insectivorous habits, whether pouched or not (as may be seen in Dr. Curvier's *Dents des Mammifères*); while, *à priori*, we might have expected that all the pouched beasts would have shown an essentially similar type of dental structure parallel to that existing in so many other points of their organisation.

On Darwinian principles, according to which zoological relationship are those of blood and descent, we should expect that each class would only possess such characters in common as they might obtain through their assumed common origin, together with such analogical resemblances as similarity of habit might occasion; yet the great mammalia of the ocean (*cetacea*), and the prodigious extinct marine reptiles (*ichthyosauri*), show striking resemblances not referable to similarity of habit, and in the same way the bats and those aerial reptiles of the secondary epoch—the pterodactyles—present in their back-bone, breast-bone, and hind limbs, curious and singular resemblances over and above the remarkable common principle of wing.

Again, bivalve shell-fish (*i.e.*, creatures of the mussel, cockle, and oyster class) have the two shells united by powerful muscles, which pass directly across from one shell to the other, and as by their contraction they close the shell, they are termed adductor muscles. Now, certain animals which belong to the crab and lobster class (*viz.*, *ostracod crustacea*), which have their hard outer coat so modified as to look quite like a bivalve shell, though perfectly different in nature and composition, have, strange to say, the two sides also connected by adductor muscles. It is quite impossible to suppose that this identity of structure between a *crustacean* and a mussel can be due to community of descent.

We have already spoken of those very bizarre organs, the pedicellariæ of the echinus. Well, structures essentially similar (called "Bird's Head Processes") are developed from the surface of the compound masses of certain of the highest of the polyp-like animals (*viz.*, the polyzoa, or, as they are sometimes called, the bryozoa). Yet these latter, and the echinus, can have none

but the most distant genetic relationship. We have, therefore, singularly complex and similar organs of diverse and independent origin.

In the highest class of animals (the mammalia) we have a placental mode of reproduction, no trace of which exists in any bird or reptile, yet it crops out again in certain sharks; and there it might well be supposed to end, but, marvellous to relate, it reappears in very lowly creatures—namely, certain of the ascidians, sometimes called tunicaries or sea-squirrels.

In birds (the essentially aerial class of vertebrates) we have air-sacks extending from the air-passages of the body. In some insects (the essentially aerial class of invertebrates) we have also air-sacks extending from the air-passages of the body—dilatations of the tracheæ. But birds present us with another difficulty as to the independent origin of similar structures. For birds and reptiles have such and so many points in common that Darwinians must regard the former as modified descendants of ancient reptiles. But on Darwinian principles it is impossible that the class of birds so uniform and homogeneous should have had a double reptilian origin. If one set of birds sprang from one set of reptiles, and another set of birds from another set of reptiles, the two sets of birds could never by "Natural Selection" have grown into such a perfect similarity. To admit such a circumstance would be equivalent to abandoning the theory of "Natural Selection" as the sole origin of species.

Now it has generally been supposed that these ancient flying reptiles (the pterodactyles) were the progenitors of this class of birds, and one part of their structure especially supports this view. We allude to the bladebone (*scapula*), and the bone which passes down from the shoulder-joint to the breastbone (viz., the coracoid). These bones, but especially the latter, are such exact anticipations of the same parts in ordinary birds, that it is impossible for a Darwinian not to regard the resemblance as owing to community of origin. Yet, strange to say, the view has now been put forward, and very ably maintained,* by Professor Huxley, that the line of descent from reptiles to birds has not been through the pterodactyles to ordinary birds, but through the dinosauria† to the struthionidæ‡. Now, in the dinosauria we find skeletal characters, unlike those of ordinary birds, but most

* In a lecture before the Royal Institution.

† The dinosauria are such fossil reptiles as the iguanodon and its allies.

‡ The struthionidæ is a family including the ostrich, emeu, phea, cassowary, &c.

closely resembling the osseous structure of the struthionidæ. How then is it possible at once to explain on the theory of "Natural Selection" the three following simultaneous resemblances, or rather identities, of structure—(1.) That of the pterodactyles with ordinary birds; (2.) that of the dinosauria with the struthious birds; (3.) that of the ordinary and struthious birds with each other?

Either birds must have had the distinct origins whence they grew to their present uniformity, or the very same skeletal characters must have spontaneously and independently arisen. Here is a dilemma, either form of which bears a threatening aspect to the exclusive supporter of "Natural Selection," and between which it is somewhat difficult to choose.

But so great is the number of similar, but apparently independent, structures, that we suffer from a perfect *embarras de richesse*. For example, the prehensile-tailed apes, carnivores,* rodents,† edentates,‡ and marsupials. The twisting of the wind-pipe of the sloth into folds reminding us of birds, as also the horny gizzard of the stomach of the great ant-eater. Again, the similar form of the crowns of the teeth in some seals, certain sharks, and some extinct cetacea; but we have quoted more than enough for our purpose.

Other reasons for believing that similarity of structure is produced by other causes than merely "Natural Selection," are furnished by certain facts of zoological geography, and by similarity in mode of variation being sometimes extended to several species of a genus, or even to widely different groups, while its restriction and limitation are often not less remarkable. Mr. Wallace, in his very instructive and interesting work on the Malay Archipelago,§ describes a remarkable case discovered by him of mimicry among birds, and which was the first example of the existence of this phenomena among the higher animals. A certain oriole of the island of Bouru has come to imitate a honey-sucker of the same island so exactly that the one is constantly mistaken for the other, in spite of their very distinct family relationship. Mr. Wallace offers a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon in that the weak orioles find their profit in being mistaken by the certain birds of prey for the strong, active, and gregarious honey-suckers. So far so good, but "in the

* Carnivores are lions, dogs, bears, weasels, &c.

† Rodents are rats, squirrels, hares, guinea-pigs, &c.

‡ Edentates are sloths, armadillos, ant-eaters, &c.

§ See vol. ii., p. 150.

adjacent island of Ceram we find a very distinct species of both these genera, and, strange to say, these resemble each other quite as closely as do those of Bouru." Now, it is hardly credible that "Natural Selection" alone should, on the one hand, have limited this mode of protection to the one genus of orioles, and, on the other, should have enabled various of its component species to copy exactly various species of the honey-sucker, sifting out the conflicting tendencies of the incipient minute variations in all directions in each case.

Again, in describing the fauna of Celebes (the great interest of which the author so well points out), Mr. Wallace notices a remarkable common character possessed by butterflies of different families—"a peculiarity of outline which distinguishes them at a glance from those of any other part of the world;"* it consists "in the fore-wings being either strongly curved or abruptly bent near the base, or in the extremity being elongated and often somewhat hooked." The only explanation offered by Mr. Wallace is that "it seems probable that it is the result of a former condition of things, when the island possessed a much richer fauna, the relics of which we see [?] in the isolated birds and mammalia now inhabiting it; and when the abundance of insectivorous creatures rendered some unusual means of escape a necessity for the large-winged and showy butterflies." He adds—"It is some confirmation of this view, that neither the very small nor the very obscurely-coloured groups of butterflies have elongated wings, nor is any modification perceptible in those strong-winged groups which already possess great strength and rapidity of flight." Now, every opinion or conjecture of Mr. Wallace is worthy of respectful and attentive consideration, but we must confess this explanation appears to us to be extremely unsatisfactory. What the past fauna of Celebes may have been is as yet conjectural. Mr. Wallace confesses that now, at any rate, "there seems to be no unusual abundance of insectivorous birds;" and, even if there ever has been an abundance of such, it is by no means certain that they would have even tended to produce the conformation in question, for Mr. Wallace himself says, "It is not at all clear *what effect* the peculiar curvature of the wings has in modifying flight." We have here then a structure explained by a hypothetical property induced by a hypothetical cause!

But surely it is not unreasonable to class this instance with others in which a similarity of form or colour coexists with

* Vol. i., p. 439.

a certain geographical distribution quite independently of the destructive agencies of animals. Such a case is the gradual increase in brilliancy of colour of both birds and butterflies, as we pass from Tasmania to the northern part of Australia. It can hardly be that the insectivorous birds uniformly decrease as we reach the warmer Australian latitudes so as to allow of the existence of more conspicuous insect forms; but if it were so, this would in no way explain the greater brilliancy of the birds themselves.

Again, though certain South American butterflies mimic others which are protected by an offensive odour, yet other species mimic forms which are quite destitute of such protection, and which do not lend themselves, as far as we yet know, to any similar explanation. Then, why are these peculiar mimicking modes of variation, though spread among different species of certain, yet confined as they are to such groups? How many birds would be benefited by mimicry besides the eastern orioles? How many insects also other than those which exhibit the peculiarity? No! some other influence than "Natural Selection" has had a share in determining such phenomena—an influence similar to that which induces certain shells when removed to strange waters to assume characters possessed by the species in the second locality; but of this in our next section. We do not here allude to any influence higher than is indicated in every part of nature. We allude merely to a secondary cause; but we are strongly impressed with the conviction that that cause is not "Natural Selection," pure and simple. Here, however, we must pause for the present.

What can be done for the Little Ones.

IF, when walking through London, any one diverges ever so little from its main arteries into the tangled network of lesser veins and channels, the first obvious feeling that arises is of wonder that any of the countless multitude of babies and very young children seen in them should succeed in growing to full age, or in escaping the variety of deaths and maiming accidents which seem hourly presented to their choice. There are few more melancholy sights—to our mind—among the saddening spectacles of this boasted centre of wealth and civilisation, than this abundant profusion of young life teeming in every court, lane, alley, and entry; on doorsteps, in gutters, on leads, in cellars; industriously misspending the energies and intelligence given them by God and prematurely sharpened by town life, and striving to force occupation, amusement, and, to a certain degree, instruction, out of the noxious, or doubtful, or scanty means, which their untoward circumstances allow. And the inevitable thought of the state of soul of these desolate and untrained little ones is still more melancholy than the external facts. Left to sisters scarcely older than themselves, to boys who desert them on the cold flags, to drunken women, worst of all, the lot of these London nurslings, while their mothers are selling in the streets or watching their husband's barrows, is sad indeed; and it is not surprising, considering the unavoidable need for the poorer or costermongering class of these mothers to share the bread-winning of the household, that some statesmen have advocated the general farming-out of babies up to the age when they should be eligible for infant-schools. It is true that such farming generally ends in a great mortality of the farmed, and that the aggregation of small children under one roof tends to the

increase of the frequency or intensity of disease. Even so, some might prefer the result of a smaller number of well-brought-up, healthy children, to the puny, rickety, unprincipled though more numerous population, now merely swelling the ranks of "juvenile offenders."

It is impossible for one acquainted with both cities not to turn from London to Paris, and contrast with the half-heathen social horrors of our own capital the *Salles d'Asile* and *Crèches* abounding among our neighbours. No doubt the bright clear freshness and extraordinary external beauty of "the Lady of the Seine" adds a pleasure to all Paris sights, but it is the inexhaustible source of Christian charity in its full signification which really impresses the mind. We cannot forget, it is impossible not frequently to recal, the aspect of some of those clean, large-windowed *salles*, the happy, merry, bright-eyed, white-capped babies, the pretty toys and miniature furniture, and the faces of the Sisters of Charity and nurses who preside over their kingdoms with such kindly, motherly rule. Retaining these vivid recollections, after visiting lately some of the worst courts of Marylebone, in which a storm of drunkenness, foul language, and gross conduct seems perpetually to rage, even in the broadest day, and where every sense is assailed by causes of horror and disgust, it may well be conceived that the aspect of a neat door in Beaumont Street, inscribed "Benedict Joseph Labre Crèche," with two texts about Christ's little ones underneath, turned our thoughts into a pleasurable channel. This impression was increased when the door opened, and the well-known cornette of St. Vincent's Daughters appeared to welcome the visitor, and show whatever was within with that hearty, simple kindness, which distinguishes the Sisters of Charity all over the world. The house, No. 16, Beaumont Street, has been now some little while opened, by the charity of Lady Petre and a number of subscribing friends, as a day-nursery, where any poor mother can send her baby on the payment of threepence per day. For this nominal sum, the children are nursed and tended with the most assiduous care, provided with a light, airy, cheerful day-

room, a sleeping-room with separate beds, and with four good meals every day.* The food consists of two good meals of excellent bread and milk, one of nourishing soup, such as is good for them, and one of milk-and-water and a piece of bread before they are taken home. Moreover, if the children are sent to the nursery dirty, uncared for, or in rags, they are carefully bathed and cleansed, and fresh clothing provided for their use while in the house. Four Sisters of Charity and a strong nurse-girl form the staff for about fifty babies and small children up to the age of three years, but the numbers sent daily vary indefinitely, according to the working days and means of the parents.

It is a pleasant sight to watch these little children gravely playing with rag dolls, or more gravely speculating—fastened into their neat little chairs—upon those profound mysteries in which babies appear to delight, or seated, like fashionable guests, round their lilliputian horse-shoe dining-table. Prettiest of all, to our mind, it is to pass into their sleeping-rooms, and see the clean, healthy little things asleep in their tiny cribs, covered with the whitest of sheets and counterpanes, and far removed from the sounds, and smells, and hideous squalor of their own court-homes. That they must return thither at night is as yet a sad necessity, but at least their days are spent healthily and well. They are taught with the first dawn of reason to bow at the sacred name of Jesus, to point with love to "Mother Mary," and to make the sign of the Cross; to be kind and gentle with each other, to curb their childish pets and passions, and when they have been wilful and fractious to be really sorry, instead of being soothed with sugar-sticks or cruelly beaten. We are aware that great philosophers in high assemblies have propounded solemn theories of great coherence about the evils of infant-schools and nurseries, of withdrawing children from their parents' influence, of substituting artificial systems for the natural provision, and the like. It was lately proposed by one such philosopher that public hospitals.

* Those who remain till eight o'clock in the evening. Those who are taken away at four o'clock have three meals.

should be shut up, and the sick poor served and treated at their own homes. We wish these solemn pundits in social science every success, but having perhaps more practical experience than they in the courts of Marylebone and the Seven Dials, we again rejoice in Lady Petre's house in Beaumont Street, and sincerely hope it may thrive and prosper with the warm encouragement it deserves. When it outgrows—as outgrow it must—its present narrow quarters, we hope to see it drop its foreign name, and be called, as it is, in good English, a Day-nursery. It is scarcely necessary to bring before our readers any notice of that other permanent nursery, for some years established in Carlisle Place, Victoria Street, under the same beneficent care of the Sisters of Charity. In that excellent house there is more scope for lasting influence, as the children are gradually removed to the orphanage and school, and may thus remain under training until they are able to go to service, or learn some fitting trade. The needlework taught in this orphanage will probably bear comparison with that of any institution in London.

There is another work carried on under a variety of difficulties, and which circumstances have probably contributed to hinder, to which we should like to draw the attention of generous and discerning supporters. We allude to those portions of Nazareth House which are devoted to sick children and infants not born in wedlock, many of whom may be said to have been rescued from the perils of infanticide and loss of faith in a workhouse. Without being absolutely a foundling hospital, this portion of Nazareth House fulfils the best conditions of such an institution, and is of the utmost value and interest. None but illegitimate children are admitted to it, but those undesirable conditions of foundling institutions which cut the children entirely off from the parents, and maintain an absolute secrecy as to their identity, are here unknown. On the contrary, the managers, wisely recognising the inestimable uses of the great laws of human affection, and considering them to be one chief means of preservation from sin and return to a Christian life, permit the mothers

to visit their children with discretion, and are glad to retain a hold over them by this means. The late Cardinal Wiseman procured the opening of this Nursery towards the latter end of his life, and expressed the warmest interest in thus affording some refuge for a few of his most forlorn and forsaken little ones. It is certainly admirably conducted and cared for. The gaily-papered and carpeted rooms, with their pictures and little cots and cradles, well furnished with toys, and the excellent air and ample space which the Hammersmith Institution allows, are exactly what one would desire for the purpose, and all we could wish is that it should be enlarged and multiplied, so as to meet one of the most terrible wants of our capital.

The same remark applies to the sick children's infirmary, where very obstinate or incurable cases of diseases only are received. It is true that children are freely admitted into our public hospitals, and there receive, perhaps, a larger share of attention and kindness than even the adult patients; but it is impossible to be intimately acquainted with hospital life without deeply lamenting the evils to the children from intercourse with all classes of sick, free conversation with the corrupt, and improper knowledge. And if their stay is of long duration it is not too much to say that, in spite of every care on the part of the directors, and the watchfulness of their own Clergy, the corruption imbibed is not seldom fatal to the soul. With these convictions it is difficult not to yield to the temptation of coveting our neighbour's goods, most especially when that temptation comes in the shape of the Sick Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. Here indeed is a republic of the afflicted, but of afflicted who seem, nevertheless, full of the enjoyment of their condition. With few exceptions the wards present a series of happy, contented little faces, entirely absorbed in the contents of their trays, placed across each crib, full of toys and light food. By one bed, on a late visit, a party of three were gathered, their arms entwined together, "looking over" the reading of a beautiful illustrated story-book. Next door a child with paralysed limbs, but bright and happy

looking, was skilfully building a bridge with bricks. A little way off, a merry party of five, three of whom were splendidly got-up dolls, were enjoying tea out of a fairy tea-set, a gift from some kindly royal hand. Amid draughts, chess, handyworks, and books, a convalescent boy was riding the rocking-horse as if the world and all its cares and troubles did not exist for him. Twenty-nine out of the seventy-five beds are devoted to boys, who are some of the most interesting and intelligent among the patients. The hospital is only two houses ingeniously emptied and partitioned, so contrived as to be beautifully airy and light, and is most carefully kept and adorned with a profusion of pictures and toys. Over 700 sick children have been received into the house during the year, and above 15,000 have been essentially relieved by out-treatment. There is a convalescent branch established in the fine old building called Cromwell House, at Highgate, which has large gardens and grounds.

But all these material helps, though important, would not much avail without the influence of the noble and generous-hearted women whose time, strength, and talents are all given freely to the work, and who from time to time enlist other friends as volunteers to join the staff, and take part in this labour of love. We cannot but think that there may be some among ourselves, not gifted with a Religious vocation, yet free from the more urgent ties of life and the world, to whom such examples would suggest our Lord's words : "Go and do thou in like manner."

The Portrait in my Uncle's Dining-room.

CHAPTER I.

DOM GERUSAC AND HIS COUNTRY HOUSE.

DURING my college life, rather more than thirty years ago, I used annually to spend a part of my holidays with an uncle of my mother's at a pretty country house in Upper Provence, a few leagues from the Piedmontese frontier. This uncle of mine was a Benedictine, profoundly learned, and devoted to his books. It was generally agreed that he would have formed one of the glories of the celebrated Congregation of St. Maur, if the Revolution had not driven him from his monastery just as he had completed his novitiate.

Dom Gêrusac, as he was still called in his family, was only about twenty-five years old when the decree was issued which suppressed all the Religious Communities in France. He did not take advantage of this circumstance to mix with the world again, nor did he, on the other hand, endeavour to return to the Religious life by retaining, like most of the members of his Order, the habit of St. Benedict in a Spanish or Italian monastery. When the storm of the Revolution had in some measure subsided, he collected together the remains of his paternal inheritance, and took refuge in a little obscure corner of the earth, to which he gave the high-sounding name of St. Pierre de Corbie, in remembrance of the famous House where the first studious years of his youth had been spent. This little property was concealed, as it were, in a bend of the Alps, on the southern slope of the chain of mountains which gradually descends to the mouth of the Var. It was a wild, but yet a cheerful site. The house stood on a little eminence, behind which rose a ridge of immense rocks, on the steep sides of which grew some fine tufts of Spanish chestnuts, whilst its deep crevices were filled with a multitude of shrubs. The approach to it was by a winding road, bordered with willows and poplars, forming on both sides a transparent curtain of foliage, through which could be seen fields, olive groves, and long trelliced alleys of vines, which looked like green ribbons of curious hues unrolled on the chalky soil.

The diligence used to set me down on the high-road at about a good league's distance from my uncle's house, and I then followed on foot the narrow lane into which no *voiturier*, or coachman, had ever hazarded his vehicle. I was delighted to make my way along this unfrequented path, carrying my slender stock of clothes tied in a handkerchief, and with a travelling stick in my hand, as if I had been a workman on his tour through France.

I hastened my steps as I drew nearer, until at last, at the entrance of the avenue, coming to a standstill, I looked about me with a delight I can hardly describe, for each stony bank, each tree, each little rivulet making its way through the thick grass, seemed like an old friend. It was always the same peaceful, charming, well-known

picture. The house with its white walls and red-tiled roof, over which a wreath of blue smoke curled gracefully upward, then a little below the house the garden, green and gay as in the spring, and close to it the orchard, with its fruit-trees bending beneath their load of red apples and violet-coloured plums. And beyond this fair home-scene rose the beautiful mountains, crowned with forests of oak, and their sides dotted with white sheep, the sound of whose bleating was faintly heard in the distance.

My good old uncle always met me with open arms, and his first question invariably was, "My dear boy, do you come loaded with University honours?" And when I informed him of my success, he never failed to congratulate me in a set Latin speech. After which he would notice my heated, tired appearance, and hurrying me into the little sitting-room on the ground floor, he called his old servant Marion, and desired her to bring me a glass of sugared wine, and to take my bundle upstairs.

The sight of Marion was the only drawback to my enjoyment in arriving at this lovely place. She was certainly the ugliest creature I ever set eyes on. There was something grim, sulky, and disagreeably old about her looks, which I can hardly describe, but that made her singularly repulsive. I could never get over my aversion to this woman. When I was a little fellow of eight or nine years old, I did not venture to look Marion in the face, and later on I could never see her without thinking of the characters in infernal legends. Her stiff figure, bony hands, bloodshot eyes, and innumerable wrinkles, always reminded me of the stories about vampires and ghouls. But I am bound to add that she was an excellent servant, active, attentive, obedient, and so little given to talking that she never seemed of her own accord to open her lips.

My uncle had furnished his rooms with the becoming simplicity and substantial comfort of some of the ancient Religious Houses. Marion excepted, everything about him had a cheerful, pleasant aspect. The little saloon where he habitually sat was furnished in particular with an unpretending elegance which did not at first strike the eye, but by degrees its peculiar character attracted notice. Everything in it was adapted for a quiet, peaceful, studious mode of life. Comfortable armchairs, noiselessly rolling on castors, seemed to gather of their own accord round the chimney, where, as early as September, a bright little fire of vine faggots was lighted in the evening. Vases of Japan china, always filled with fresh flowers, decorated the corners of the room, and each frame of the grey wainscotted walls was enlivened by a landscape painting of some historical scene. A door, which was generally ajar, opened into the library, the shelves of which were enriched with all the bibliographic treasures my uncle had collected. There in fair array were to be seen the profane tribe of Latin authors, the learned host of the Benedictines of St. Maur, and a crowd of less illustrious writers, who have devoted their time to the study of our national records. A few wandering poets had strayed into the midst of these huge folios, and their gorgeous bindings glittered here and there on the dusky shelves. The saloon was adorned with several paintings, and a curious old set of engravings, much prized by my uncle. On the walnut-wood sideboard stood some ancient pieces of plate of exquisite workmanship. But I must own that none of these curiosities attracted me half as much as a portrait which Dom Gêrusac had hung up over the pier-glass of the chimney-piece. It was a drawing in coloured pencils, faded by time,

and set in a frame, once a handsome one, but now damaged in several places. This picture represented a woman in the full bloom of the most radiant youth and beauty, and dressed in the style of one of Watteau's shepherdesses—a trimming of pink ribbons ornamented the long stiff painted boddice, which supported her round and slender waist. Two broad black velvet bands, worn like bracelets, encircled her beautiful arms, which were bare up to the elbow, and her powdered hair was tied up with bows of a pale blue. There was something wonderfully captivating about that face, a mixture of softness and brilliancy in those tender and slightly prominent blue eyes. A half smile seemed to hover over lips which disclosed teeth of the purest enamel; that little mouth was like a pomegranate flower, into whose chalice jessamine blossoms had fallen.

My place at table was just opposite the chimney, and I could not raise my eyes without seeing this enchanting creature, who seemed to gaze on me with the most bewitching sweetness; but if I looked down and saw Marion, with her crabbed hideous face, standing bolt-upright behind Dom de Gêrusac's arm-chair, ready to change our plates and wait upon us, I could not get over this contrast, and it served to increase my antipathy to the old woman. I might have been more easily reconciled to her repulsive ugliness, if I had not had so often before my eyes the ideal beauty of that incomparable face. As to my uncle, he looked upon most things with the indifference of a saint and of a scholar. I am sure it had never occurred to him to take notice of Marion's appearance. I ventured to ask him one day if he ever remembered her less wrinkled and shrivelled than she then was. He thought a little, and then said, "No, upon my word I don't. Do you think she is very old? I suppose she must be about my own age—sixty or thereabouts."

And, when I exclaimed at this, he added, "I should not be surprised if she were younger. There are people who appear old long before their time. It strikes me that for the last ten years that she has been in my service she has always looked much as she does now. At any rate, she is as strong and active as a young girl."

Dom Gêrusac lived quite secluded from the world, and kept up little correspondence, except with the learned societies to which he forwarded the results of his labours, and received at his house only a few members of his family who from time to time came to see him. A good old Priest, the Abbé Lambert, was the only habitual visitor at St. Pierre de Corbie. Once a week during the holidays I used to see him arrive, with his worn-out cassock tucked up in his pockets, his breviary under his arm, and a thick stick in his hand. He was Curé of the parish of Malpierre, on the confines of which my uncle's property was situated, and I would venture to affirm that this worthy man was the poorest Priest in France. His parishioners were scattered over a vast tract of thickly-wooded land, intersected by deep vallies and often impassable torrents. The village of Malpierre, situated nearly in the centre of the parish, contained scarcely more than a hundred inhabitants, but from the size of the surrounding walls, and the number of houses crumbling into ruins, it was easy to see that its population must have formerly been far more considerable. The church, which, with its Gothic spire, still towered over all the neighbouring country, was a vast building, bearing traces of ancient splendour; magnificent stained-glass windows adorned the chancel, and mutilated pieces of sculpture and broken picture-frames denoted the places where works of art had once existed.

The village of Malpiere was about a league distant from St. Pierre, on the other side of a high mountain, which we crossed every Sunday on our way to Mass, for although Dom Gêrusac had long since given up the observances of a monastic life, he practised all the ordinary duties of a Christian. As often happens in these Alpine countries, we on the southern slope of the mountain enjoyed a mild and equable temperature, whereas frequent storms burst upon the higher lands, and the cold was sensibly felt in that part of the parish. We accordingly took precautionary measures before ascending to those regions. Marion went on before us, carrying our cloaks, and waited for us at the entrance of a gorge which divided the summit of the mountain, and across which a current of icy air was almost always blowing.

The old servant carried also in a basket our breakfast, and in a wallet slung over her shoulder my uncle's weekly alms. She insisted on conveying these things in this way, instead of strapping them on the back of the quiet little donkey Dom Gêrusac rode. We generally made a halt on reaching the above-mentioned gorge. This spot went by the name of the pass of Malpiere. It had a wild sombre aspect which particularly took my fancy. The rock, apparently cleft by an antediluvian convulsion, exhibited a rent both sides of which were almost perpendicular. The black jagged points of its double crest rose overhead in sharp and clear outline against the pale blue sky, and the bottom of this precipice was hidden by a multitude of plants and shrubs, which under their intricate tissue concealed unfathomed abysses. The pathway ran between the bare rock on one side and these masses of verdure on the other. Beneath the green surface roared the rapid waters of a brawling torrent. This road became impracticable in winter, when the snow concealed the inequalities of the ground, but in summer nothing could be pleasanter than to walk in the shade of these huge rocks, enjoying the delicious coolness rising from that ocean of foliage alongside the narrow pathway. An immense mass of rocks stood at the entrance of this defile, and jutted like a promontory above the wild uneven tract of land on the northern side of the mountain. On the summit of this sort of crest, the steep and barren sides of which overshadowed the village, rose the dilapidated walls and ruined towers of the castle of Malpiere.

When we reached the mouth of the gorge, Marion left the seat at the foot of the road where she was in the habit of waiting for us, and came forward to assist Dom Gêrusac to dismount, and then, producing our cloaks, she threw them over our shoulders, and forthwith proceeded on her way, leading the donkey by the bridle.

"Really," my uncle would say, as he followed her with his eyes, "that good woman has the legs of an ostrich, which runs, they say, at the rate of seven leagues an hour. There, see, she is already out of sight."

"So much the better," I mentally exclaimed, for to my mind Marion disfigured the prospect. I hated the sight of this antiquated shepherdess in her Sunday clothes, with her heavy shoes, her frightful black straw hat cocked up on her old grey top-knot, and her loose print gown with the sleeves cut short at the elbow, leaving her bare clean arms exposed to view.

When she had disappeared, I walked more leisurely along the little winding path, enjoying the wild beauty of that magnificent scenery. Each time I came there I felt more struck with the picture which met my eyes at the furthest extremity of the defile. The ruins of the

ancient feudal castle frowned above us, and at the foot of the gigantic rocks on which they rested stood the old church, with the houses of the village irregularly grouped around it. In the midst of a large open space in front of the sacred edifice were two elm trees, linked together by their interweaving branches, so as to form in appearance a single tree with two large trunks. They had not their equal for size and beauty in the whole country. Beyond the hamlet an extensive tract of undulating ground was spread out, over which the eye wandered without taking cognisance of any particular details. It would have almost have seemed as if, in some convulsion of nature, the land had been thrown about in wild heaving confusion, and then suddenly resolved itself into a sea of mountains, an ocean of motionless waves.

The ruins which overlooked this rugged expanse formed an imposing pile of buildings, displaying the architectural features of several different epochs. Dom G rusac had taken care to point out to me the various characteristics of those successive eras. According to him, Roman legions had once encamped on the broad terrace in front of the castle. The encircling walls dated from feudal times, whereas the elaborate ornaments still to be seen on the frontage of two elegant pavilions on each side of the building betokened a comparatively modern erection. In any case, nothing could be more desolate than the aspect of these roofless dilapidated structures. I had sometimes questioned my uncle as to the former lords of the domain of Malpi re, but he had never studied the local traditions of the place, and the sort of answer my inquiries generally met with was that the history of these great families was a perfect chaos. Not, indeed, that documents on the subject were altogether wanting; there were some very valuable ones in the cartulary of the church of St. Maur which he happened himself to possess. He had come across a title in that book which went clearly to prove that Ferrand, seventeenth baron of Malpi re, was one of the sixteen Proven al lords who accompanied Godfrey de Bouillon to the Holy Land. He intended some day to write a memoir on the subject, and he would give it me to read. But whilst the chronicle of the crusader was progressing, I made in the meanwhile an effort to induce Marion to relate to me the more recent history of the country. One day, as we were going to Malpi re, I overtook her at the entrance of the pass, and instead of getting out of her way as I usually contrived to do, I boldly made an attempt at conversation.

"What a beautiful morning it is," I said as I came up to her; "I feel as active as a chamois, and have walked so fast that I have left my uncle a long way behind. May I sit down by you till he comes up?" She made room for me on the ledge of the rock, but turned her head away in her usual ungracious manner, and began to rummage in her basket, evidently in order to avoid speaking to me. But nowise daunted, I began again: "How many years have you trudged along this road, my dear Marion? Don't you find it sometimes very long and tiring for your poor legs?"

"No, sir," she replied, in that abrupt and sharp tone which is peculiar to ill-tempered old women.

I still persevered. "Before the Revolution there was a fine castle on that height," I said, pointing to the ruins. "Were you ever there in those times, I mean when it was inhabited by its ancient lords?" As she made no answer, I civilly added—"You must have been very young then."

"So young that I recollect nothing about it," she growled out in a surly manner, and gathering up her bundle and her wallet she went to meet my uncle.

This reply seemed to me a funny bit of pretension on Marion's part, who must have evidently reached years of discretion at the time when the old *régime* came to an end. Without any better success I cross-examined the Abbé Lambert; it was only since the Restoration that he had been appointed Curé of Malpierre. As to the peasants, they knew nothing of the local history of their districts, and troubled themselves very little about the occurrences of former times. As to the rising generation, I have no doubt they would have been puzzled to say if thirty years or thirty centuries had elapsed since the castle of the Barons of Malpierre had been destroyed.

Once, however, as I was standing in the shade before the church door, a little peasant directed my attention to the elm-trees, and said, with evident complacency, "Did you ever see two finer trees than those, sir, so straight and tall, and so covered with leaves? I have been told that the like of them is not to be found in all Provence, or even much further."

"They do not seem to be very old," I answered, gazing upwards at the interwoven branches which formed abovehead an impervious roof of foliage.

"Oh, as to that," the lad replied, "You can tell how many years it is since those trees were planted and christened."

"Christened! What do you mean?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, christened; for that one is called Monsieur le Marquis and this one Monsieur le Baron."

"And why, my boy?" I again added.

"Oh, why," he answered, shrugging his shoulders, as if to say, "Who cares?" "I never heard *why*; it was so long ago that I suppose nobody knows."

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT FROM MY UNCLE'S SCHOOLFELLOW.

I HAVE already said that there was a picture in my uncle's drawing-room which had strangely taken my fancy. It hung over an old looking-glass, which had the property of imparting a frightfully green hue to the unhappy faces reflected in it. There likewise stood on the chimney-piece two little cups of Sèvres china embellished with cyphers and miniature wreaths, perfect gems—into which Marion ruthlessly stuck her matches. I don't know why I had taken it into my head that the picture, the looking-glass, and the cups, had all come from the same house, and that the person represented in the picture had often looked at herself in the mirror and touched with her coral lips the edges of the pretty cups. This notion having once taken possession of my mind, I was seized with an ardent curiosity on the subject, and framed all sorts of fanciful conjectures, worthy of figuring in the pages of a novel. By degrees a singular feeling grew out of this fancy. By dint of gazing on that portrait, I really fell in love with it and experienced the agitations and emotions incident to that passion. All the little ornaments which adorned the chimney-piece became to me objects of interest. I looked upon them with a kind of mysterious reverence. Marion's matches I threw away, and filled their places every day with the most beautiful flowers. Little did Dom Gêrusac imagine when he saw me buried in his folios, as he

fondly imagined, with my elbows resting on my desk, that I was all the time lost in dreams about this beauty, who only existed on canvas, and composing verses in her praise. I can only plead in extenuation of this folly that I was seventeen years of age and had just finished my course of rhetoric.

In the midst of my intense internal agitation I maintained sufficient self-command to conceal the emotion I went through in consequence of this extravagant and romantic fancy. The mere idea that anybody could suspect its existence made me feel dreadfully ashamed. But in the meantime my unsatisfied curiosity became quite a torment. I conjured up the most extraordinary suppositions as to the name and history of the lovely creature who had sat for her picture probably a hundred years ago as if on purpose to be the delight and the plague of my life.

It would have been easy enough to clear up the matter by putting a direct question to my uncle; but I could not bear to talk to him about it, I was so afraid of betraying my unaccountable interest in the subject. One day, however, when we were at dinner, my courage suddenly rose, and pretending to laugh as I looked up at the glass, "Oh, my dear uncle," I exclaimed, "what a funny sort of looking-glass that is! It makes people's faces seem as if they were made of green wax."

"But it is, nevertheless, a very pretty piece of furniture," Dom Gêrusac replied; "the frame, if you notice, is of ebony, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl. It is a pity that the top has been unfortunately knocked off. I suppose the arms of the family, with supporters and a crest, used to be there. I found that glass in a broker's shop at D—, as well as the picture which hangs over it, and those little Sèvres cups, all jumbled up together with bits of old rusty iron."

My heart beat very fast, and I said in a strangled voice, "I suppose those things came out of some great house sacked at the time of the Revolution?"

"Most likely," my uncle replied; "but there is no mark by which we can guess who may have been the owners of this old rubbish, as you young gentlemen are apt to call everything not in the newest fashion." Dom Gêrusac had turned round to look at the things he was speaking of, and pointing to the portrait he said, "And that frame, Frederic, is a very pretty one too. Don't you think so?"

"That portrait," I exclaimed, "oh, yes!"

"Dear me, no! not the portrait," he cried. "It is half rubbed out, and in very bad drawing; but the frame is really very handsome. Some day I mean to have it cleaned and repaired, and I shall then give the picture to Marion. She may nail it up in her bedroom by the side of the print of the Wandering Jew."

This speech made me shudder, but I did not venture to ask my uncle to give me the object of my romantic worship. I made up my mind to see it pass into Marion's hands, with the hope that it would be possible later on to buy it of her.

Meanwhile, my uncle received a letter which filled him with delight and turned upside-down his quiet little household. A great personage and distinguished diplomat, the Marquis de Champaubert, French Ambassador at a foreign Court, had written to Dom Gêrusac to say that as he was to pass through Toulon on his way to his post, he should turn aside from his road to pay him a visit and renew their old friendship.

My uncle forthwith summoned his privy council, that is to say, he called Marion and communicated to her the news he had received. "Let every one set to work," he enjoined. "Desire Babelou to get the blue bedroom ready, and do you devote yourself to the kitchen. M. de Champaubert will be here to-morrow. Everything must be ready in good time. You will, I am sure, take particular pains about the dinner. There are some dishes you excel in—a pigeon pie, for instance. Try and let us have one to-morrow; and give us some *œufs à la neige*, and some roast chickens. In short, whatever you can think of that will be nicest."

"I will do my best," Marion replied in her short manner, and without waiting for further instructions she returned to the kitchen.

"That dear good Maximin," my uncle said, turning to me. "How glad I shall be to see him! He is my oldest friend. We began our studies together at the Oratorians; but I was intended for St. Maur, and so two years afterwards I went to La Chaise Dieu. Champaubert asked leave to go there with me. He had no vocation for the Religious life, but he was a good scholar and had a decided taste for the classics. His family had wished him to be a Priest, but his elder brother happening to die before he had finished his studies, he re-entered the world before he could be said to have left it. I was just going to begin my novitiate when he left La Chaise Dieu. It was on All Saints' Day. I can see him now, in his blue coat and round American hat, taking leave of us at the entrance-door just before mounting his horse. Oh, he was a famous horseman, and so good-looking!"

"Was that a very long time ago?" I foolishly asked.

"Well," said my uncle, "stop a moment. It was in 1787; therefore thirty-five years must have elapsed since those days. I have never seen Champaubert since, nor heard much about him except through the newspapers. He emigrated in the early days of the Revolution, and did not return to France till the peace. Since then, his talents and fidelity have met with their reward. The King has heaped honours and distinctions upon him. He is a peer of France, an Ambassador, and has I don't know how many titles and dignities. May God prosper him! He is worthy of his good fortune."

The idea of finding myself in the presence of this great man, and of being presented to him, kept me awake all the night, and the first thing I did in the morning was to go and stand on the terrace to watch for his arrival. I was greatly perplexed to think how his Excellency's carriage and horses would manage to get through our cross-road, with all its ruts and holes, and I felt also no little anxiety about the reception which was in course of preparation for him. It seemed to me quite out of keeping with so distinguished a guest. I concluded, of course, that he travelled with a numerous suite, and I pictured to myself the figure which our old servant would cut in the midst of all those fine people. I felt myself getting hot in the face as I thought of her coming boldly into the drawing-room, with her napkin on her arm, sticking herself behind Dom Gêrusac's chair, or pouring out wine for his guest with that frightful clawlike-looking hand of hers.

In the afternoon, Babelou, the little maid who helped in the kitchen, made her appearance at the end of the terrace, and screamed to me in her most shrill voice, "M. Frederic—come! the gentleman is arriving; he is there in the avenue."

"Where is his carriage? Which way did he come?" I asked, quite puzzled. "It must have been upset in a ditch."

"His carriage!" cried Babelou, laughing. "Why it is like your uncle's carriage—it can go along any road where a donkey can set its four feet!"

And so it was! The Ambassador was actually riding up to the door on a small ass, caparisoned in the fashion of the country, with a pad stuffed with straw and no stirrups; his whole suite consisting of a peasant, who carried his portmanteau and drove the ass before him with a hazel bough.

M. de Champaubert sprang nimbly to the ground, and threw his arms about my uncle's neck. The good old man fairly wept for joy, and faltered out as he clasped his friend's hand, "Well, I had never hoped for this. It is too great a happiness, monseigneur."

"What do you mean by monseigneur?" the Marquis exclaimed, taking his arm. "Call me Maximin, as you used to do. Do you know, my dear Thomas, that I knew you again at once."

"So did I you," my uncle replied; "you are not the least altered."

"Come, come," rejoined the Marquis, with a smile, "a little snow has fallen here since we last parted," and he ran his fingers through his grey hairs.

"If your letter had only reached me one day sooner," my uncle said, "I should have gone to meet you at C—. You must have been rather puzzled to find your way here."

"Oh, not the least," his Excellency replied. "I left my carriage on the high-road, and went in search of a donkey and a boy to bring me here. I found what I wanted at a farmhouse close by."

"But who had described to you the road you were to take?" my uncle asked.

"Nobody," replied his friend. "I know this country. I have been here before." And he looked around him at the valley and the mountains.

"After you had left La Chaise Dieu?"

"About two years afterwards."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dom Gêrusac. "How did it happen that I never heard of it?"

M. de Champaubert smiled somewhat sadly, and, lowering his voice, answered, "You were at St. Pierre de Corbie, just about to make your vows. There were things at that time I did not feel as if I could write to you about."

"Why not, I wonder!" my uncle said, in his kind simple manner.

I stood a little apart in silent amazement; I could not persuade myself that I had before my eyes a man who represented the King of France, and was in the habit of speaking to crowned heads. At first sight our guest might have been taken for a plain country gentleman. His blue coat, closely buttoned over his chest, did not afford a glimpse of the least bit of red ribbon. His dress was as unpretending as possible; his manners easy and natural, and his countenance expressed at once good-nature and shrewdness. Not but that there was at the same time something commanding in his appearance, and in his eye sometimes a quick flash which denoted, perhaps, a little pride. His face was still very handsome, and, which was odd, he looked much younger than my uncle. Dom Gêrusac, whose life had been spent in quiet scientific labours, had already the gait of an old man, whereas his friend, who had been plunged in the warfare of

conflicting passions, and gone through the agitations of an eventful life, still walked with head erect, and a firm, unhesitating step.

My uncle presented me to our guest, and then the two friends entered the house arm-in-arm. M. de Champaubert was turning towards the garden, but Dom Gêrusac drew him another way, saying, "It is too hot out of doors; we had better go into the library."

"By all means," the other gaily replied; "your library, my dear Thomas, is, I know, your world, your kingdom, your family. You will introduce me to all the ancient and modern authors assembled here. But first of all, will you let me have something to drink; I am dying of thirst."

My uncle went to the door of the kitchen and called Marion. "Now for it," I thought, and awaited with a kind of comical terror the effect her appearance would produce upon his Excellency, but to my great relief she did not appear. It was Babelou who came in, carrying on a large tray a bottle of old wine, some sugar, a magnificent basket of fruit, and a plateful of little yellow peaches.

"That is perfect," M. de Champaubert exclaimed, as he himself assisted Babelou to set down the tray on the table, which was all covered with manuscripts and books. "This clever little girl has guessed that I am particularly fond of these yellow peaches, with their little acid flavour. I don't know anywhere a more refreshing fruit."

"I dare say not," my uncle said with a smile. "It is only on our barren mountains that this wild production of nature is suffered to grow nowadays."

"Do sit down here, dear old schoolfellow," the Marquis said, making room for Dom Gêrusac by his side. "We have so many things to talk about."

I asked my uncle in a whisper if he had any directions to give me, and then, out of discretion, withdrew.

A little before dinner-time Babelou came to me in the dining-room looking aghast. "Mercy on us, sir," she exclaimed, "what *are* we going to do? Marion has been working so hard since yesterday that now she is taken ill, and has just been obliged to go to bed."

I must confess that I felt an involuntary relief. "Well, you must wait at dinner," I said to the little maid; "go and put on your best gown and a clean apron. Tell Marion to remain quietly in bed; I will let my uncle know about it."

The two friends had gone from the library into the garden, and my uncle was proudly showing off his flowers and vegetables to M. de Champaubert, who seemed delighted with all he saw, went into good-natured raptures about the fine carnations and the tall cabbages, and, as he walked along the trellice, picked and ate the grapes with the relish of a schoolboy. I whispered to my uncle the news of Marion's illness. The dear good man went immediately to see his old servant, and I remained alone with M. de Champaubert, who, after one more turn in the garden, said, "Perhaps we had better go and see if dinner is ready."

The dining-room had a window down to the ground. I opened the outer blinds and stood aside to let his Excellency go in first. The curtains were drawn up and a bright light shining in the room; the gildings of the old frames looked to advantage in the rays of the setting sun. As M. de Champaubert entered and walked towards the chimney his eyes caught sight of the picture over the looking-glass. He turned round to me and asked eagerly, "Do you know where that portrait came from?"

I coloured up to the eyes, and stammered out, "Yes, monseigneur ; my uncle bought it at D——, in an old curiosity shop."

"With that looking-glass and those two little cups?"

"I believe so, monseigneur."

Dom Gêrusac came back at that moment. "You must excuse me, my dear Maximin," he said, "if the attendance is not what I should have wished. But I have lost the best half of my household. My old maid-servant has been taken suddenly ill."

"Never mind," M. de Champaubert replied ; "We shall wait on ourselves, as I have done often enough in the days of the emigration."

Fortunately Marion had been able to attend to the cooking up to the last moment, and to give directions to her aide-de-camp, Babelou. The table was in consequence perfectly laid, and the dinner excellent. I had routed out from the corner of the cellar some bottles of wine really fit to be set before a king. M. de Champaubert ate sparingly and quick, talking all the time, whereas my uncle went through his dinner with his usual calm manner and steady appetite, only heightened by the pleasure of having opposite to him so welcome a guest.

For my part, I could not swallow a mouthful. Nothing could exceed my internal agitation. The Marquis' questions evidently showed that he recognised the lovely face which I had been gazing on with such rapture for the last six weeks. He knew who this woman was whose name I had despaired of ever discovering. He could tell me—there was no doubt of it!—the very thing I most ardently desired to know! But how should I ever venture to put to him a question on the subject? How manage to approach it? These thoughts were running in my mind, when all at once, in the midst of a conversation in which political discussions were mixed up with school reminiscences, my uncle said to his friend, "Public affairs seem to have engrossed your whole life. You have never, I suppose, thought of marrying?"

"I beg your pardon," was the reply. And the Marquis, looking up at the picture over the chimney, added, "I was to have married the beautiful girl whose portrait that is."

"You don't say so!" my uncle exclaimed ; "that anonymous portrait? It is a singular coincidence."

M. de Champaubert said, "I certainly did not expect to have seen here that likeness of the fair object of my first love."

"You must tell us all about it," Dom Gêrusac said. "As we are by way of recalling all our old recollections, I am glad you have happened to find here this souvenir of the past."

The Marquis smiled a little bitterly, and answered, "I can *now* speak of it without emotion, and since you wish it, I will give you the history of that time of my life. Not so much for your edification, my dear old friend, as for the sake of your nephew, who sits there gazing so intently on my betrothed that it would almost seem as if her fatally beautiful eyes had instilled into his soul some of their poison."

These words, whether said in jest or in earnest, put me quite out of countenance. I felt as if the speaker had read my inmost thoughts, and I could only reply to this kind of apostrophe by a nervous attempt at a cough.

My uncle, after emptying his glass at one gulp, laid both his hands on the tablecloth, which was with him a token of the deepest attention, and prepared to listen.

"Let us have coffee brought in here, and send Babelou away," M. de Champaubert said; "I must tell my story with that *picture before my eyes.*"

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS AND MONSIEUR LE BARON.

THE day was waning. I lighted the candles on both sides of the mirror. The light thrown on the picture brought out its faded tints and lent a vague relief to the enchanting face, which seemed to smile through the glass that covered it like one of Greuze's lovely heads behind the half-opened curtain of a window. The Marquis fixed his eyes steadily upon it for a moment, and then, as if he guessed my secret but intense curiosity, he addressed himself to me and said, "That is the portrait of Mademoiselle de Malpeire, the only daughter of the Baron de Malpeire."

"Of the last lord!" I exclaimed; "and she lived in the old castle at the top of the mountain?"

"Yes, my young friend," M. de Champaubert replied; "and it was there that the events took place which I am about to relate." After a pause, he turned to Dom Cérusac and said, "Do you remember, my dear Thomas, my writing to you a letter in which I mentioned that I was leaving Paris and going to take a journey to the south of France?"

"Yes to be sure, I recollect it," my uncle answered. "It was the last I ever received from you, and, without meaning any reproach, it was written, if I mistake not, before the Revolution in the month of August, 1789."

"What a wonderful memory you have for dates!" M. de Champaubert exclaimed. "You are quite right, for I arrived in this country some time after the famous night of the 4th of August. But I must begin by explaining to you the origin of the friendship which existed between the Champauberts, an ancient family in Normandy, and the Malpeires of Provence. More than a hundred years ago, at the time of the war with Piedmont, the division of our army commanded by the Maréchal de Tessé occupied the frontier. My great-great-grandfather, Guillaume de Champaubert, served in the Régiment d'Auvergne, as did also a young nobleman of this country, the Baron de Malpeire. They soon became sworn friends as well as comrades in arms. Both were in the prime of life and married to young wives, who had accompanied them to the seat of war, that is to say, they had taken up their residence at the Castle of Malpeire, which was considered an impregnable fortress. Several engagements had taken place between the French and the Piedmontese, who were ravaging the low country. In one of these engagements the Marquis de Champaubert was wounded. His wife hastened to the field of battle, about two leagues from here, and succeeded in getting him transported to the Castle of Malpeire, where he died on the following day. A short time afterwards, the Baron de Malpeire was killed under the walls of C——. After this double calamity, the two ladies remained at Malpeire, shut up by the snow which lies on these mountains, as you know, for six months out of the year. On the same day they both gave birth to sons, who were christened at the same time in the church of the village. In commemoration of this event, two elm trees were planted and named after the new-born children. In my time

the shade of these trees covered the whole square. Are they still in existence?"

"Yes, they are, monseigneur," I eagerly cried; "and they go by the name of Monsieur le Marquis and Monsieur le Baron—but nobody knows why."

"The two widows spent the year of their mourning together. Subsequently they were obliged to part, but the similarity of their fate had given rise to a friendship which lasted as long as they lived. They took care to instil the same feelings in the hearts of their sons, who in their turn transmitted them to their children. Although living at the opposite extremities of the kingdom, the two families did not fail to communicate to one another any interesting domestic event, and on all respective birthdays letters of congratulation were duly sent. A long-standing desire for a matrimonial alliance between the two families had not ceased to exist, but Providence seemed to have decreed that their wishes should meet with constant disappointment. During three generations not a single girl was born in the house of Champaubert, and the daughters of the Lords of Malpeire all died in infancy. I had often in my childhood heard this spoken of at home, and I also knew that the Baron de Malpeire happened now to have a daughter about my own age. It was not, therefore, much of a surprise to me when, two years after I had left La Chaise Dieu, my father told me one day that he had arranged my marriage with Mdlle. de Malpeire. 'My dear Maximin,' those were his words, 'I think this marriage combines all that we can desire. I knew the Baron when he came to Paris, about twenty-five years ago, to be married to Mdlle. d'Herbelay, one of the most charming persons in the world. He is a nobleman of the old school, a little narrow-minded and ignorant, but full of generous and noble feelings. The young lady's dowry is amply sufficient, and as to the name of Malpeire, it speaks for itself—it is one of the oldest in Provence. I have not made any particular inquiries with regard to the beauty of your future bride, you will soon be able to judge of it yourself; I only know that she is in her twentieth year.' My father said this with a smile, which made me conclude that an agreeable surprise was in store for me, and that Mdlle. de Malpeire was very handsome. You see by that picture that I was not mistaken."

"Yes, she must have been a pretty girl," my uncle said, raising his eyebrows, with the kind of look a peasant might have put on if called upon to admire an ancient coin or a manuscript in a dead language.

"I arrived here, as I said before, towards the end of August," M. de Champaubert continued. "I had been travelling eight days on the dusty road in an uncomfortable post-chaise, and I well remember the delight I felt at the sight of these mountains and green valleys, and the pleasure it was to hear the sound of running water in every direction. The present road did not then exist; there was only a path for horses and mules. I was riding, and a mule-driver followed with my luggage. This man had travelled a little, and, though a native of the country, he spoke French, and told me the names of the various hamlets which we saw at a distance, and had a story to relate about each of them. When we came to the entrance of the gorge which is commonly called the Pass of Malpeire, he pointed out to me a flat stone which juts out of the rock and forms a kind of seat a little below the road. Have you ever noticed it?"

"To be sure I have," my uncle answered. "It is there my old servant Marion rests when we go to Mass."

"I was expecting to hear some tale about robbers in that cut-throat-looking place, but my guide only said, 'This is the place, sir, where the daughter of the Baron de Malpeire came to life again.' 'What daughter?' I asked. 'Oh, the one who is now full of health and spirits. When she was just seven years old she sickened and died, as all her brothers and sisters had done, who have now been a long time in Heaven. She was so really and truly dead that they put her into a coffin, with a white wreath on her head and a crucifix between her hands, and set out from the castle to lay her in the vault of the old chapel at the bottom of the hill, which is the burial-place of the lords of the manor. When the young girls who were carrying the body arrived at this spot they were tired, and placed the coffin on that stone seat whilst they rested a little. M. le Curé had left off chanting the *Libera nos Domine*. Nobody spoke, and not a sound was to be heard except the murmur of the torrent flowing through the ravine. All at once a little voice came out of the coffin. The child sat up, looked about her as if for the water, and said, 'I am so thirsty.'" All who were there felt frightened when they saw her lift up her shroud; but M. le Curé took her up in his arms and carried her back to her mother alive and well.' This story, I can hardly tell why, made me shudder. I had been dwelling incessantly during my journey on thoughts of love and marriage. I trembled to think how near I had been losing my bride. The wild scenery and the gloomy grandeur of the surrounding country worked on my imagination; I was enraptured with the aromatic perfume of the Alpine plants, the solitary beauty of the mountains, the confused but harmonious sounds which rose from the deep woods, the delicious air I was breathing! It was in this frame of mind that I arrived at Malpeire. The castle was at that time an old fortress, to which some modern additions had been from time to time joined on. It was surrounded by formidable walls and flanked by crested towers; but a new frontage concealed the lower part of the keep, which stood at the edge of a perpendicular rock above the precipice. The windows were provided with green blinds, and the platform on which they looked had been transformed into a little flower-garden, open to every wind. But these embellishments had altered in nothing the character of the old baronial residence. The principal entrance was to the north, and on that side the castle completely preserved the warlike and severe aspect of the buildings of the middle ages. A wide moat surrounded the ramparts, and the entrance-gate stood between two little towers, still furnished with falconets. The drawbridge existed in the same state as at the time of the wars of Provence, but for many years it had not been raised, and its solid planks formed a kind of passage, without chains or hand-rail. When I arrived the sun was just setting. I dismounted at the drawbridge, and throwing the bridle of my horse to the guide, I walked on, looking about for some one to speak to. After going through a vaulted passage, I came into a large court surrounded by ancient buildings, the mullioned windows of which were all closely shut up. No one appeared, and so profound was the silence that the castle might have been supposed to be uninhabited. After once walking round the court, I ventured to push open a door which stood ajar, and I saw before me the first steps of a winding staircase and a niche in the wall with an image of the Blessed Virgin surrounded with bouquets. I went up, feeling my way as I ascended, and on reaching the first landing-place found myself at the entrance of a spacious and lofty room, the furniture of which seemed to me to date

from the time of the League. A solitary lamp was burning at the corner of a table. By its light I could just discern the tapestried walls, the high-backed chairs, the large branch candlesticks of copper, and the chimney, with its heavy mantelpiece projecting over the hearth like a stone canopy. I concluded that this room, or rather hall, must be the ante-chamber of another apartment, where I could hear the sharp shrill yapping of a little dog who was barking furiously, no doubt at the sound of a strange footstep. I knocked to give notice of my presence, and a stout serving-girl, dressed in green baize, made her appearance; but without allowing me time to give an account of myself, she ran towards the door at the other end, calling out, 'Mdlle. Boinet, Mdlle. Boinet.' A middle-aged woman, with the air and manner of a confidential attendant in a great family, then came forward and made me a low curtsy. When I mentioned my name she assumed a smiling, discreet expression of countenance, which seemed intended to convey that she knew what I was come about, and with a true Parisian accent, which showed her to have been born within hearing of the bells of Notre Dame, she said, 'I beg, sir, to offer you my most humble respects. I will hasten to inform Madame la Baronne of your arrival.' A moment afterwards the folding-doors opened, and Madame la Baronne herself coming forward, said to me, 'M. de Champaubert, I beg you a thousand pardons. I am more shocked than I can express that you did not find any one below to show you up. The fact is, we did not expect you till to-morrow.' I apologised for having arrived thus unexpectedly, and Madame la Malpeire having invited me in, I offered my hand to lead her back to her room. When I crossed the threshold of the door I was so taken by surprise that I could not help exclaiming, 'This is something marvellous, Madame le Baronne! You have managed to carry off the *salon* of one of the most charming hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain, or of Versailles, and to place it at the top of this mountain!' 'Well,' she answered, laughing, 'I have contrived to arrange a corner of this old castle so as to make it possible to live in it. When the curtains are drawn and the candles lighted, I can almost fancy myself at Paris. But, alas! when I look out the illusion is at an end. Instead of the gardens of the Luxembourg, I see nothing from my window but the roofs of the village, and on every side rocks, woods, and mountains. Indeed, I have often been tempted to say what my late mother-in-law, she was a Forbin Janson, wrote from here to her uncle the Cardinal, just after she was married—"Here I am, lodged in the skies, with the eagles at my back, and near enough to the moon to touch it with my hand."' She laughed again, and after inviting me to sit down, and taken up on her knees the little spaniel, who still kept growling at me *sotto voce*, she sank back into her chair in a gracefully indolent attitude. The Baronne de Malpeire was a thin small woman, who looked at first sight much younger than she was. Her dress was somewhat old-fashioned, but it was in keeping with the style of her delicate features and her coquettish manners. What with rouge and powder, her complexion exhibited the peculiar brilliancy of a pretty family portrait. She managed to wear, with all the easy grace of a *grande dame*, that most troublesome invention of the last century, an enormous flounced petticoat spreading over two stiff projecting pockets, and walked with great dignity in the most prodigiously high-heeled shoes. I was too much absorbed, too much agitated, to attend much to anything but the one predominating thought in my mind. Every

sound made me start, and I kept watching the door in hopes every moment of seeing Mdlle. de Malpeire appear, though I could not summon courage to inquire after her or even to pronounce her name. 'The Baron is out shooting, as usual,' Madame de Malpeire said; 'but it will not be long now before he comes home. In the meantime, I will order some refreshments to be brought up for you here. What will you have? a little wine, with a slice of dry toast? or a glass of *eau sucrée*, perhaps?' I declined, but she insisted. 'Well, but a cup of coffee, then, with me? Nobody ever refuses a cup of coffee. Mdlle. Boinet, bring the little table here, and ring that we may send for hot water.' The lady-in-waiting pushed a little round stand in front of her mistress, and placed upon it, between two lighted candles, a small chest of sandal wood. Madame de Malpeire opened this case and took out of its blue velvet compartments, a coffee-pot, a sugar-basin, and those two little cups you see on the chimney-piece."

"Oh, I felt sure of it!" I cried, clasping my hands on my forehead.

The Marquis looked at me with a faint smile, and continued—"When the coffee was ready, Madame de Malpeire poured it out into the two cups, gave me one, and as she took the other herself, she said, 'Mdlle. Boinet, will you let my daughter know that I wish to see her. Not one word more, if you please?' I felt that I changed colour, but I said nothing. My agitation seemed to amuse Madame de Malpeire. 'Come now,' she whispered, with a smile, 'it would be all very well if you were the young lady.' After a pause, she added more seriously, 'That little girl of mine does not, you know, expect to see you here, so you must not be surprised if she does not welcome you at the first moment in the way you deserve.' 'I deserve nothing yet,' I cried. 'I can only hope. And I do hope, madame, that I shall not prove unworthy in your daughter's eyes of the happiness that has been promised to me.' Almost at the moment I was saying this, Mdlle. de Malpeire came in by the door opposite to the one which opened on the large room. I had heard the sound of her light footstep; but when she saw me, she stopped short and seemed inclined to make her escape. Her mother, to relieve her embarrassment, rose, took her by the hand, and leading her forward, said in a playful manner, 'This is my daughter, sir, a very shy young lady, but when she has seen more of the world I have no doubt she will soon learn to make herself agreeable.' I muttered a few words of compliment, to which Mdlle. de Malpeire made no reply beyond a silent curtsy, and then, with a cold, distant, almost haughty, expression of countenance, she sat down by her mother. The shyness which Madame de Malpeire had spoken of evidently amounted either to an excessive reserve or a total absence of any desire to please. But so great was the charm about this beautiful creature, that, in spite of her ungraciousness, it was impossible not to be irresistibly captivated. That portrait gives only a faint idea of her loveliness. Who could ever have painted the exquisite delicacy of her complexion, and her eyes, which seemed at one moment to flash fire and an instant afterwards to express the most bewitching sweetness? Yes, she was wonderfully beautiful. She possessed that extraordinary power of fascination which robbed Adam of Paradise, and would have beguiled Satan himself had he been made of mortal clay. Dazzled by this lovely vision, I lost all self-possession, and really during the whole of that evening I must have appeared a perfect fool. For the first time in my life, I had fallen desperately in love.

Rome beneath the Ground.

IN one of the chambers of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus there is a picture of the Good Shepherd standing in the midst of His flock, who are peaceably feeding at His feet. But His eyes are roaming afar off where other sheep, not of His fold, are wandering about in dry places, and He despatches His under-shepherd in haste to bring these abandoned ones to Him. They go, and some of the sheep, obedient to their call, come bounding forward into the fold, whilst streams of pure water pour down upon them. One such poor wanderer was by my side at the time, and as I simply interpreted to him the meaning of the picture, how the early Christian artist was speaking to us by his work over the fifteen centuries which have passed by since he went to his rest, preaching to us of one fold under one shepherd, the one Catholic Church under its one Divine Head, within which alone there is salvation, of the sacred Ministers sent forth through the world to call in the nations, and of the waters of baptism by which they are received into it, just as the Ministers of the Catholic Church now preach, the simple majesty of the thought struck him, and in a low solemn voice of conviction, he said to me through his tears, "Yes, it is true. The Church of the present and the Church of the Catacombs is the same, and I must belong to it. He is calling me now, and I must be a member of the Church to which the old Martyrs belonged." Then I thanked the Good Shepherd, the Martyr whose body reposed at our feet, and the artist who had preached to us so well, and I led my friend a little further to the spot where two figures were painted on the wall behind an ancient Christian altar. "To-day," I said to him (it was the evening of the 19th of January), "we celebrate the First Vespers of these two—the one a Pope, the other a noble Papist. On the right is St. Fabian, Pope and Martyr, on the left is the bold Christian warrior St. Sebastian. Let us pray on this spot, where the Holy Sacrifice has been so often offered up in times of persecution." We knelt down and prayed silently for a few moments, when, rising up, he said to me, "Now I have found peace." We then passed on into a little room, where the three Sacraments of Baptism, Penance, and the Eucharist, were represented—Baptism under the figure of Moses striking the rock, Penance by the paralytic carrying his bed, the Eucharist by a tripod, or sacrificial table, on which was placed bread and a fish, and at one side a Priest with hands imposed in the act of declaring that what seemed bread was in truth the *Ichthys*—(Ι)ησους (Χ)ριστος, (Θ)εου (Υ)ιου, (Σ)ωτηρ—whilst on the other side a woman with arms extended represented the Church assisting at the Holy Sacrifice in the attitude of prayer. In the next chamber was a banquet, or the Eucharist our food, and again it was typified by the sacrifice of Isaac. Once more I led him into another chamber, where it is depicted under what Protestants would call an especially Papistic symbol. A live fish is rearing his head above the water, and

on his back he carries a basket of bread and a flask of wine. What you see seems bread and wine, but they are only sacramental appearances; the reality underneath is no other than the living Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour. Then he said to me, "Oh, Father, these things might have been painted on purpose for me." At length we issued from the catacombs, and silently made our way back to the Eternal City. Before long he realised in himself what he had seen depicted on the grave-walls.

We have related this touching little incident of a conversion, for whose truth we can vouch upon the authority of one of the persons concerned, because it seems exactly to express what must be the thoughts and feelings of any one who comes, unprejudiced and unsophisticated, to read of or to see the eloquent history of the early Church engraven on the walls and grave-stones of the catacombs. The facts themselves, as they are disclosed to us in their naked simplicity, before a scientific investigation has taken them in hand, speak to us of a religion essentially one with the Catholic faith of the present day, or if differing from it, differing only as the child differs from the full-grown man. But when we come to study these facts, to arrange and compare them, and to apply to them such tests as a judicious criticism suggests, the conclusions legitimately gathered are still more unmistakable. We cannot, therefore, but feel hopeful that most beneficial results will accrue from the new discoveries, especially among our own countrymen. The life of those early Christians to whom they appeal, is spread out before them. At least by the light which the writings of the Fathers, in themselves perhaps hard to understand, throw upon it, they will be able to understand it. Let them compare it first with their own Establishment, and the different forms of worship which cluster round it, next with the Catholic Church of the present day, and then say which bears upon its face the lineaments of that parent from whom they both claim to have sprung. Assuredly the conclusion which will irresistibly force itself upon them will be, This Church was not Protestant; and when an attentive study has rendered them capable of distinguishing its features more accurately, they will be constrained to add another, It *was* Catholic. And if there is thus much to hope for with regard to Protestants from the daily-increasing discoveries among the catacombs, Catholics will find in them a great confirmation of their faith and a wonderful consolation amidst their present trials.

Hitherto we have been at a disadvantage in our studies on this subject through want of suitable books. The large and

costly volumes of De Rossi, though excessively interesting in themselves, are yet terrifying to those who do not feel called upon to make them a matter of deep study. And, on the other hand, there is little satisfaction to be derived from those smaller accounts, which must needs be superficial, or from the partial treatises which have occasionally appeared in our magazines. Now, however, we are happy to see that the desideratum has been supplied by the book entitled *Roma Sotterranea*,* for which we are indebted to the energetic labours of Dr. Northcote and the Rev. W. Brownlow. This work is neither too short to give a fair acquaintance with the subject, nor too long to be tedious to the general reader; it seems exactly to have hit the happy medium, and it is written in a clear fascinating style, such as one could scarcely have ventured to hope for considering the statistical nature of the subject. We have come from its perusal as from the bygone ages which it describes to us, and in which we seemed to ourselves for the time to have been transplanted. The subject is treated not religiously but scientifically, the sole end which is proposed being to give a full and accurate account of the discoveries and the reasonings which have been applied to them to draw out their true history. Hence it will no doubt receive much favour among those who, apart from religious considerations, desire information on this most important branch of history; for important it must be, if we are to estimate its value from the part played in history by the people whose life it reveals to us. We can also recommend it as throwing much light on Christian art, which may be said to have been born and to have passed its infancy on the walls of these subterranean caverns. This part of the subject is remarkably well treated. The work purports to be a compilation from the different writings of De Rossi, and, accordingly, in its general arrangement it has followed the line marked out in its greater namesake by that author. It begins with an Introduction, in which the history of the science is traced from the days of Bosio down to our own time, and a brief account is given of the ancient records which have been the main guides and authorities of the Commendatore in his successful career. Books I. and II. are occupied with the origin and history of the catacombs. In the first we have a general description of their arrangement and peculiarities, an

* *Roma Sotterranea; or some Account of the Roman Catacombs, and especially of the Cemetery of San Callisto.* Compiled from the works of Commendatore de Rossi, with the consent of the author, by Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., and Rev. W. K. Brownlow, M.A.

inquiry into the causes which led our Christian forefathers to adopt this mode of burial, and afterwards to transform them into places of assembly for public worship. There is here a fitting account of the Roman laws about funerals, which exercised an important influence on the development of the catacombs. Book II. follows out the history of each cemetery separately, beginning with the time of the Apostles and tracing them down to the ninth century, when they were finally abandoned and forgotten. Book III. is devoted to the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, which, both from its ancient pre-eminence as the cemetery of the Roman Church and the burial-place of so many of her Pontiffs, and also because the discoveries within its precincts are more various and more complete than in other catacombs, merits a special treatment. It is only within the last few years that it has been re-discovered. We may, indeed, ascribe all our knowledge of it to De Rossi, who first found out its position and then explored it so thoroughly. Till very lately it had been confounded, by a mistake which originated far back in the middle ages, with the Cemetery of St. Sebastian ad Catacumbas, situated on the same road, the Via Appia, a quarter of a mile further from the city, the only one never quite lost sight of. There is an inscription on the walls of the latter by an Archbishop of Bourges, who lived in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, which bids us venerate there the tomb of St. Cecilia, and surrounding inscriptions speak of the remains of a multitude of Martyrs and several Popes. But comparing these testimonies with that of the ancient itineraries which have proved to De Rossi such invaluable guides, a manifest discordance appears; and as the latter were written whilst the bodies of the Martyrs were yet lying in their graves, it is not difficult to decide on which most reliance is to be placed. Recent discoveries, however, by identifying the position of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus elsewhere, have put the question beyond a doubt.

In 1849, De Rossi chanced to find, in the cellar of a vineyard on the Via Appia, about a quarter of a mile nearer to Rome than the Catacomb of St. Sebastian, a fragment of a monumental stone, having on it the upper part of the letter R, followed by the complete letters, NELIUS . MARTYR. With one of those conjectures in which he is so happy, if conjectures they can be called when we take into account how thoroughly well versed he is in the lore of his science, he divined it to belong to the grave of St. Cornelius, a Pope and Martyr of the third century. He forthwith induced Pope Pius IX. to purchase the vineyard,

and set to work diligently with his excavations. It was not long before he came upon the other half of the same slab, lying at the foot of the grave to which it evidently belonged. He could now read plainly—"Cornelius . Martyr," with the affix "Ep" inscribed underneath. This was enough to convince him that he had hit upon the Cemetery of St. Callixtus, for he knew from his guides that the tomb of St. Cornelius, though not actually within its precincts, was hard by. Not far off he found a small piece of stone, evidently part of an inscription put up by Pope Damasus, the great adorer of the catacombs in the fourth century, for it consisted of the letter H three times repeated, one above the other, the characters being those known to archæologists as the Damasine. In course of time all the fragments of the slab were collected, and then the inscription was found to read as follows :

Hic congesta jacent queris si turba piorum,
 Corpora sanctorum retinent veneranda sepulcra,
 Sublimes animas rapuit sibi regia cœli,
 Hic comites Xysti portant qui ex hoste tropœa,
 Hic numerus procerum servat qui altaria Christi,
 Hic confessores sancti quos Græcia misit,
 Hic juvenes puerique senes castique nepotes,
 Quis mage virginum placuit retinere pudorem,
 Hic fateor Damasus volui mea condere membra,
 Sed cineres timui sanctos vexare piorum.

The catacomb thus re-discovered is very large, occupying the angular portion of ground between the Via Appia and the Via Ardeatina. It consists of several distinct areas, quite unconnected originally, as is shown by the fact of the galleries in different parts not being on the same level, so that staircases have had to be constructed at the places of junction. The most ancient area is that of St. Lucina, which was begun in Apostolic times, probably by Pomponia Græcina, the wife of Plautius, who conquered Britain; that, however, to which most importance is attached, was added, as it seems likely, during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. It is here that the celebrated Papal crypt is situated. Some time before we come to it, the *graffiti*, or scribblings, which line the walls, warn us that we are approaching a place of more than ordinary sanctity. These have often been the means of great discoveries, for they show that many visitors have come to the place where they are, and hence are a mark of its celebrity; very often too they make mention of names which clear away a crowd of difficulties. Thus in the present instance there are frequent references to St. Sixtus, the great Saint of the

Catacomb. The delight of the discoverer upon entering for the first time into the Papal crypt must have been very great indeed. The place, the tombstone of St. Cornelius, the *graffiti*, and especially the frequent mention of St. Sixtus among them, had combined to increase his convictions that he had at last found out this celebrated chamber. But now that he had entered, a sight met his eyes which at once excluded all doubt. Lying on the ground in various places were the fragments which, when collected, proved to be the monumental stones of St. Anteros, St. Fabian, St. Lucius, and St. Eutychianus, to three of which the designation Ep. was added. Nowhere amidst the subterranean caverns had an inscription as yet been found with this affix, and though the term *Episcopus* did not appear to have been used in its restricted sense till some time after the foundation of Christianity, yet it had become fixed by the middle of the third century; it could not therefore but be remarkable that in this very place to which so many signs were pointing as the probable burial-place of the Bishops of Rome, three out of four of the tablets before him should have borne it. Moreover, ancient manuscripts gave the names of St. Anteros, St. Fabian, St. Lucius, and St. Eutychianus, as having sat in the Chair of St. Peter during the third century, and having been buried in the Cemetery of St. Callixtus. At a little distance another similar slab was found, which unquestionably belonged to the *mensa* of an altar-tomb. On it was engraven in Greek letters, "Urbanus. Ep." St. Urban was the name of the successor of St. Callixtus in the Pontificate, but he is reported to have been buried, not in this cemetery, but in that of St. Prætextatus. De Rossi, however, had all along been led to suspect, with many other learned men, that there were two Bishops of this name, who in the ancient documents were occasionally confounded with one another—the first, a Martyr, who was buried in St. Prætextatus; the second, a Pope and Confessor, buried at St. Callixtus. The slab now before him made this opinion still more likely, and by so doing tended to remove one of the greatest difficulties that hang over the history of St. Cecilia, of which we shall have occasion to speak presently. But St. Sixtus, as we have remarked, was the great Martyr of the catacomb, and De Rossi sought anxiously for something which could testify to his having been buried here. This Martyr who is mentioned by St. Cyprian lived during the time of the Emperors Valerian and Gallienus. These Sovereigns issued a decree forbidding the assemblies of the Christians wont to be held in the cemeteries, but St. Sixtus, in defiance of the order, retired to the Catacomb

of St. Prætextatus, which was supposed to be less well known, and was there saying Mass, when the soldiers of the Empire surprised him, bore him with them to the judgment-hall, where he was condemned, and then brought him back to be executed in the place where he had been arrested. Four Deacons were slain with him; two of whom were buried on the spot, but the others, with St. Sixtus, were taken to the Papal crypt, that the venerable Pontiff might repose among his brethren. Many years afterwards, St. Damasus marked the spot by an inscription, the words of which have been handed down to us. It bears no date, and by some has been supposed to refer to St. Stephen, the predecessor of St. Sixtus. This, however, seems improbable. De Rossi, as we have remarked, searched about anxiously, and before long he found two little fragments of marble, on which were about ten entire letters, a scanty portion indeed, but sufficient to convince him that they had been part of the afore-mentioned Damasine inscription, which accordingly he knew must have been set up in this chamber.

We could dwell long on the objects of interest which the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, and especially the Papal crypt, offers; let us, however, confine our attention to the tomb of St. Cecilia, which is in an apartment adjoining this latter. It seems to us that the way in which De Rossi has proved the substantial accuracy of her history as it has come down to us, after the criticisms of the last century had consigned it to the regions of fable, is one of the most valuable results of his many discoveries. It is a striking proof what mistakes we may fall into by too hastily condemning the records of antiquity because of apparent inconsistencies, and how much reliance after all may be placed upon the ecclesiastical traditions which Protestants are so fond of characterising as ridiculous and impossible, and which even Catholics have not unfrequently been disposed to attribute to the exaggerations of a pious imagination. A more thorough criticism is constantly reversing the sentences of its partial predecessors, and confirming the testimonies of the Church. Thus, the Bollandists were able to prove the veracity of the history of St. Ursula, and in the present book, in another part, a similar confirmation of the tradition concerning the Cathedra Petri is given. What then is the story of St. Cecilia as it has come down to us? She was a Roman damsel of high birth, brought up from her infancy in the Christian religion. She had consecrated her virginity to God, but when bidden to unite herself in marriage with an amiable and wealthy young patrician named Valerian,

she did not refuse, having received a divine intimation telling her to obey the parental commands, and assuring her at the same time that both she and her spouse should retain their virginity, and shed their blood for the faith. Cecilia succeeded in persuading her husband on their wedding-day to seek instruction from Pope Urban, by whom, with his brother Tiburtius, he was forthwith baptised. The martyrdom of the brothers followed quickly upon their conversion, and such was the constancy which they showed that the presiding officer and some of the attendants were won to the truth, and went with them to receive the Martyr's palm. Cecilia was suffered to live a while longer, whether because her noble rank made it invidious to take away her life, or because the Prefect Almachius had some hopes of shaking her constancy. But it was soon resolved that she should be put to death secretly by suffocation, so they locked her in her bath-room, which was heated to an unusual temperature, every aperture being closed up, and there they left her for a day and a night. When the official sent by the prefect came to visit her after this lapse of time, to his surprise the bloom had not faded from her cheeks, nor had the vigour departed from her limbs. Returning with the wonderful tidings, he received orders to despatch her instantly with the sword. Three times he struck, but either pity or admiration, or else the divine power, unnerved his arm, for the head yet remained unsevered from the trunk. It was forbidden by the Roman law to strike oftener than thrice, so he departed, leaving her in this state, the blood welling forth from the wound, and bathing her in its flood. The Faithful rushed into the apartment to receive her last words, and to gather up the hallowed blood. They found her lying peacefully on the ground, and when they drew near to staunch the wound, she spoke words of comfort and advice to each. So she remained for three days, till Pope Urban came to bid her a last farewell, then, raising her head, she told him with a smile how she had prayed to live till he came, that she might resign into his hands, in keeping for God's poor, the house and grounds which belonged to her, and these words said, her head fell gently back and she expired. They carried her corpse, without disturbing the peaceful position in which she lay, to the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, and there, hard by the vault where the Vicars of Jesus Christ slept in peace, this noble Virgin Martyr was laid to rest in her cypress-tree coffin.

Several centuries passed by, and Pope Paschal I. succeeded to the Pontificate. In the first year of his reign he translated into

the different churches of Rome the relics of many Martyrs, and among them those of the Pope who had been buried at St. Callixtus. He wished also to remove those of St. Cecilia, but he was unable to find them amidst the ruins which blocked up the whole place, so was compelled to desist from his design. Four years afterwards he had a dream, in which St. Cecilia appeared to him, and told him that when he was removing the relics of the Popes, she had been so near to him that they might have held a conversation together. Accordingly, he renewed the search, found the body in the place specified, "fresh and perfect as when it was first laid in the tomb, and clad in rich garments mixed with gold, with linen cloths stained with blood rolled up at her feet, lying in a cypress coffin." It is he himself who gives us the account. He adds that he lined the body with silk, spread over it a covering of silk gauze, laid it in a white marble sarcophagus, and placed it beneath the altar in the Church of Sta. Cecilia, in Trastevere.

Thus far the history of St. Cecilia's martyrdom, and of the translation of her relics, as it has come down to us from the earliest times. Eight hundred years afterwards—that is, in the year A.D. 1599—Cardinal Sfondrati, of the title of Sta. Cecilia, was restoring his church, and whilst digging for foundations beneath the high altar, he came upon two marble sarcophagi. In the presence of competent witnesses one of them was opened—

It was found to contain a coffin of cypress-wood. The Cardinal himself drew back the coffin-lid. First appeared the precious lining and silk gauze with which Paschal had covered the body nearly eight centuries before. Its colour had faded, but the fabric was still entire, and through its transparent folds could be seen the shining gold of the robes in which the Martyr herself was clothed. After pausing a few moments, the Cardinal gently removed this silken covering, and the virgin form of St. Cecilia appeared in the very same attitude in which she had breathed her last on the pavement of the house in which the spectators were then standing, and which neither Urban nor Paschal had ventured to disturb. She lay clothed in her robes of golden tissue, on which were still visible the glorious stains of her blood, and at her feet were the linen clothes mentioned by Pope Paschal and his biographer. Lying on her right side, with her arms extended in front of her body, she looked like one in a deep sleep. Her head, in a singularly touching manner, was turned round towards the bottom of the coffin, her knees were slightly bent, and drawn together. The body was perfectly incorrupt, and by a special miracle retained, after more than thirteen hundred years, all its grace and modesty, and recalled, with the most truthful exactness, Cecilia breathing forth her soul on the pavement of her bath.

A more signal vindication of the Church's traditions, a more consoling spectacle for a devout Catholic, mourning over the schisms and

heresies of those miserable times, a more striking commentary on the divine promise—"The Lord keepeth all the bones of His servants, He will not lose one of them," it would be difficult to conceive (p. 156).

The body was exposed for veneration for the space of three or four weeks, during which time Maderna made his celebrated statue of it, and then it was re-enclosed. The marble statue was placed beneath the magnificent high altar which the Cardinal built to celebrate the event.

And now, with this history before us, it is natural to inquire whether the discoveries made in the Cemetery of St. Callixtus bear out the topographical statements which it involves. De Rossi answers affirmatively, nor can a candid reader, we think, fail to agree with him. It was not till some time after he had explored the Papal crypt that he was able to effect an entrance into the vault of St. Cecilia, on account of the rubbish which had collected in the *luminare* through which he desired to pass. When at length he was there, he beheld on the wall a large painting of a woman richly attired in a dress of Byzantine character, ornamented with necklaces and bracelets, which might well represent St. Cecilia. Underneath are two more paintings on a level, the one to the right representing our Lord with a *nimbus* and in the act of benediction, that to the left is a full-length portrait of St. Urban, arrayed in pontificals, with the name attached. These could not have been the original decorations of the place, for there is evidence of mosaic work underneath, but as they belong probably, the first to the seventh, the other to the tenth or eleventh century, they may be taken as evidence of a tradition of long-standing even in those days which regarded the chamber as the burial-place of the Virgin Martyr. There is besides a large niche in the wall abutting on the Papal chapel, which seems to have once contained a sarcophagus, and this would harmonise well with the statements of Pope Paschal. If we take into account the rubbish which even in those days must have accumulated to a great extent, still more if we suppose, which is exceedingly probable, that a thin wall was built up between the two chapels, to baffle the sacrilegious search of the Lombards, it will not appear wonderful that he should have sought in vain on his first visit. To what has been said there are two more facts which lend weight to the argument. Firstly, the walls are studded with inscriptions bearing the names of persons belonging to the *gens Cecilia*, which lead one to conclude it was their private vault. Secondly, there is a particular class of *graffiti* arranged orderly in four lines, in which all the names save one

are those of men, and have the sacerdotal affix, PRB.; to that one it is added that she is the mother of a Priest, and besides this, the last on the list signs himself *Scrinarium*. This looks like an official act, but when we come to find the same names in different parts of the catacombs whence it is known that Pope Paschal removed relics, and also in the subscriptions to the decrees of a Council held in Rome in that Pontiff's reign, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that these men were the companions of the Pope on his journeys, and that we have before us their official testimony to the translation. Nor can any other explanation be sought in the commonness of the names themselves, which might easily belong to different people, for some of them, such as Georgius and Mercurius, are unusual.

A few words now about the Acts of the Martyrdom. They are not genuine, and contain some inconsistencies, on account of which the whole story has been rejected as fabulous, or transferred to Sicily; but from what we have just seen it is evident that they are true substantially. De Rossi even ventures to correct their errors by the light of the newly-gained information. The Acts seem to say that two Emperors were reigning together at the time of the martyrdom, and that a violent persecution was raging, yet by connecting the story with the Pontificate of St. Leo, they fix it to a period when Septimius Severus was reigning, and the Church was at peace. The Martyrology of Ado still introducing St. Urban the Pope, inconsistently avers that the event took place in the time of Commodus and Aurelius. Now at this time there was a severe persecution, which from the account given of it by Eusebius resembles that spoken of in the Acts, so that if we were to suppose the whole story to have taken place then, one difficulty only would remain—viz., its connection with St. Urban. But this too vanishes when we call to mind what De Rossi believes about the confusion between the two of the same name. Let us suppose that the Bishop who attended St. Cecilia was St. Urban the *Bishop and Martyr*, that she was buried in her family vault, which happened to be close to the Papal crypt, where fifty years afterwards the remains of St. Urban the *Pope and Confessor* were deposited, that the compiler of the Acts of her Martyrdom in the form in which we now have them, seeing the tomb of St. Cecilia to be close to that of St. Urban the Pope, and finding mention of a St. Urban in the documents from which he was compiling, confounded the one name with the other, and the whole story is cleared from contradiction, nor has an adverse criticism any grounds on which to reject it.

We have delayed longer than we had proposed upon this interesting little episode. We should like to say something about the tombs of SS. Cornelius and Eusebius, about the finding of the body of St. Hyacinth, and about the Cathedra Petri, which last is the subject of a clear and convincing appendix, but our space will not permit us. The fact is, we find ourselves labouring under an *embarras de richesse*, so stored with interesting information is the work before us. However, we are consoled for the omissions which we are obliged to make by the hope that our readers will not fail to have recourse to the work itself, and enjoy the treat there provided for them. But we must not leave entirely unmentioned the subjects which occupy the latter part of the volume—viz., the paintings of the catacombs, for it is to these chiefly that we must turn for a convincing proof that this Church of the Martyrs was essentially one with that over which the two hundred and fifty-ninth successor of St. Peter now holds sway. Book IV. commences with a defence of the paintings of the catacombs against the attacks of such writers as Lord Lindsay, who characterises them as “poor productions, in which the meagreness of invention is only equalled by the feebleness of execution.” It thence proceeds to lay down some tests by means of which we may determine their chronological order. The most general test, too evidently just to need any defence, is to compare them with the pagan works of art which were contemporary with them. The Christians were living in the same world with the heathen, mingling with them in everyday life, moulded in the same types, in all respects save where religion was concerned, just as Catholics and Protestants now mix together in England and elsewhere. Their style of painting would consequently follow the same laws and types as that of their fellow-countrymen, and, if we allow something for the disadvantage of their field of labour, would attain to the same degree of perfection. Now Roman art was on the decline in the days of the Empire, hence one would seek for greater virtues and a higher degree of art in the earlier than in the later productions. Nor is our expectation unrealised in those cases where other circumstances enable us to predetermine the date. This conclusion is worth some little attention, because it shows how untenable is the position of those who hold that the use of painting in the catacombs crept in gradually, and, as it were, stealthily. The truth is quite the contrary. In the more ancient portions we find not only more artistic but also more frequent decoration, which bears marks of greater attention and care

bestowed upon it. At first it does not seem to differ in its general character from contemporary pagan art. There is the same natural freedom and the same sort of designs; the principal figures alone have been drawn from religious sources. But by degrees new ideas must have occurred to the artists involving a Christian sense, till, in course of time, the whole work, from its principal figures to its most insignificant details, was marked by those idiosyncrasies which gave to Christian art its conventional character.

The writers treat separately of symbolical, allegorical, and Biblical pictures, representations of our Lord, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints, and finally of liturgical paintings. We must content ourselves with a few remarks on the first of these. Symbolism differs from direct representation in being an appeal rather to the mind than to the heart. If we seek to know whence it sprung, many sources will suggest themselves to us. One important cause which must have weighed with the early Christians was the *disciplina arcani*, which they so persistently adopted, and to which both the fear of desecration and the natural instinct of self-preservation must have urged them. They desired to convey instruction and to excite devotion among themselves, but it was important that their representations should not be an occasion of blasphemy to their pagan persecutors. But besides this there are the prophetic figures of the Old Testament, the divine parable and mystical actions of the New, nor need we look further than the recesses of our own nature to learn what pleasure can be derived from symbolism. The first ages of the Church are distinguished among all others for the universality of its use. The walls of the catacombs are filled with representations which, if not symbolical, would be quite unmeaning, whilst even their Biblical paintings show evidence of having been used in a mystical sense, nor can any, even the most superficial student of the Fathers of the Church, fail to have noticed how it has mixed itself up with their language. But what are the laws which are to guide us in its interpretation? Catholic writers have been accused of distorting it all into arguments for their own doctrines and practices, nor can we exempt Protestants from a similar charge; and many, on account of this disagreement, have come to distrust these ancient symbols altogether, putting them aside as a sealed book, from which we cannot hope to learn anything certainly of the thoughts and feelings of our Christian forefathers. But unquestionably they must have had a meaning to those who used them, and

it is not unreasonable to suppose that by careful and judicious examination we can find it out, just as we have learnt to decipher the hieroglyphics of old Egypt.

Obviously the truest key to their meaning is to be found in anything that will give us certain knowledge of the thoughts and ideas of the artists themselves, or of those amongst whom they lived, or for whom they worked. A single text from a Father of the Church, writing about the same time that the symbols were being painted, or not long afterwards, is infinitely more valuable and trustworthy as a guide than a whole volume of hypothetical suggestions, however ingeniously invented, and speciously supported by the arguments of some modern commentator. And in proportion to the number and clearness of the texts that can be quoted, or the position and weight of their author, will be the certainty of the interpretation which they support. For instance, an apparent agreement between some passage in an obscure ecclesiastical author of the ninth century, and some Christian painting of the second or third, would not suffice to assure us of any real identity of meaning between them, the agreement might be merely fortuitous. But if, on the contrary, a witness or witnesses can be produced, contemporary with the artists, or with their predecessors perhaps who had helped to form that school and atmosphere of thought in which the artists lived; if it can be shown that certain ideas and modes of thought and expression were dominant in the Christian world at such a time, and formed a part of the common intellectual property, so to speak, of the Faithful, we cannot hope to find a surer guide in the interpretation of the works of art of the same period (p. 203).

Thus when we meet the anchor in frequent connection with such names as Elpis, Elpidius, Spes, &c., now found so as to suggest the idea of a cross, now on a gravestone where we so often find the hopeful prayer, "Vivas in bono," "In pace," &c., and when to these coincidences we add the words of St. Paul (Heb. vi. 19) and kindred passages in the early Fathers, it is something more than a conjecture which leads us to set it down as a symbol of hope. We might say the same of the sheep and the dove, which in like manner are concluded to be emblems of the Christian soul, the former generally whilst united to the body, the latter when separated from it by death; or, by an evident analogy, they will stand for the Church and for the Holy Spirit. For instance, we find the dove by the side of such inscriptions as these—"Anima simplex," "Anima innocens."

We must conclude with a few words on the *fish*, which, from its connection with paintings symbolical of the Holy Eucharist may be considered as perhaps the most remarkable of the symbols of the catacombs. Its use as a mystical representation of doctrine is confined to the first ages of the Church. In the second and third centuries it is frequently so employed.

After this it gradually fell into disuse. Our first impulse would be to connect it with the miraculous draught of fishes, or the feeding of the five thousand in the desert, but though sometimes used in this way, there is another idea connected with it to which more importance was attached. It is that to which reference was made in the incident narrated at the beginning of this article. The fish was the special symbol of the God-Man, the Redeemer of mankind—of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour—the initials of which words in the Greek language spell the word *Ιχθυσ*, or fish. How it came to be so employed is a question involved in some obscurity, but when once introduced it is not surprising that it should have found such favour, for it is a simple but grand profession of faith in the union of the divine and human natures of our Lord in one Person, and His office of Redeemer, truths which were the battle-field of heresies in those times. Moreover it must have completely eluded the suspicions of the pagan intruders. It lies at the foundation of many Patristic adaptations of Scripture which are quite unintelligible to those who do not bear it in mind. "The fish which is first taken," says St. Jerome, "in whose mouth was the coin which was paid as the tribute-money to those who demanded it, was Christ, the Second Adam, at the cost of Whose blood the first Adam and Peter, that is, all sinners, were redeemed." St. Prosper of Aquitain, with an evident allusion to the Sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist, the former of which was often called the solemnity of Illumination, remarks—"By the interior remedies of that fish we are daily enlightened and fed." St. Augustine, alluding to the Sibylline verses, expressly mentions the reason we have given why the fish was used as a symbol of our Lord. There have also been found in the catacombs a number of small fish carved in ivory, mother-of-pearl, enamel, and precious stones, some of which are drilled through, as if intended to be worn round the neck. Surely this is not a slight evidence that the present pious custom among Catholics, of wearing the Crucifix hanging from the neck is not peculiar to these later ages. Another proof of the emblematical signification of the fish is drawn from the combinations in which it is found. When we see it represented as bearing on its back a ship, or a dove, or a sheep, can we avoid understanding in it a reference to our Lord sustaining His Church and the souls of His servants amidst the tempests of the world? Or when we find it combined with the anchor, not recollect the oft-repeated legend—"Spes in Christo?" Or can we see it with the dove bearing a palm-

brand, and not call to mind the no less frequent one—"Spiritus tuus in pace in Christo?"

But the most striking combination is that in which the live fish is seen in the water bearing on its back a basket of bread, in the front of which is an indistinct representation of what may very well be a flask of wine. We cannot suppose this extraordinary symbol to be a work of chance, a capricious whim of the artist, the more so as it is not found once only. It must then embody some deep meaning, and after what we have said about the fish, the interpretation put upon it which was mentioned at the commencement of this article cannot appear strained. We have many other representations in the catacombs, many passages of the Fathers, and above all our Lord's words in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, besides other unmistakable references in Scripture, to set down the bread—especially if we suppose the red figure in front of the basket to be a flask of wine—as the symbol of the outward sign in the Holy Eucharist. In confirmation of which we may add that the bread is not of the ordinary kind, but is that special bread of an ashy grey character, which was called sacrificial bread or *mamphala*; also the words of St. Jerome, which De Rossi tells us struck him forcibly when he first discovered the symbol before us, when speaking of a Bishop who had bestowed all his goods upon the poor, the Saint concludes that *nothing can be richer than one who carries the Body of Christ in a basket of twigs, and the Blood of Christ in a chalice of glass.*

A Second Part of the *Eirenicon*.

THE time has perhaps gone by, when the appearance of a letter from Dr. Pusey to Dr. Newman on the subject of the controversy called into existence by the *Eirenicon* of the former writer, could awaken any very wide or strong interest. It has long been so abundantly evident that Dr. Pusey's habits of mind and methods of controversy must always occasion a fear that, whatever innocence of intention, he will, without meaning it, rather encumber the ground between Anglicanism and the Catholic Church with fresh obstacles than remove any that already existed, that it may be assumed that the first feeling which a new publication from his pen will awaken in those who have studied the *Eirenicon* will not be of a hopeful character. Curiosity may be awakened as to the very large number of charges of inaccuracy and misconception of his authorities which his former work called forth, and which he has announced his intention of meeting to the full. Or again, as it has been so widely rumoured that on the question of the Immaculate Conception and Transubstantiation Dr. Pusey has of late advanced nearer to Catholic truth than before, his new work will be looked to as answering the questions raised by these rumours. There is everything to be expected of a man who shifts his position, especially if—as is not always the case—he has the courage to withdraw his former assertions. Again, Dr. Pusey has no doubt a right to say that in a certain sense he speaks “in the name of many” (p. 18)—not of course, as we understand him, in the name of the Communion to which he belongs, but of a certain distinct and organised party within that Communion, of which he has a natural claim to be considered the leader—and a declaration from him may to some extent be taken as a manifesto from that body, and so be of a more than personal interest. Still, on the whole, we fear that people in general, and especially Catholics, will not turn to the

new volume of the *Eirenicon* with any very high expectations.

Nor will they find more than, or indeed quite as much as, they expect. They will find very little indeed in the way of any direct attempt on the part of Dr. Pusey to clear himself on the many serious charges of inaccuracy which have been gravely brought against him. It is fair, however, to say that the present publication is professedly an answer to Dr. Newman's *Letter*, and that therefore the writer was not undertaking to answer more than one of his critics. This, however, is not quite the whole account of the matter. Dr. Pusey certainly does travel out of the special field of Dr. Newman's *Letter*; and, indeed, the bulk of the present publication might have been omitted if he had only been answering Dr. Newman. Throughout it there is frequent reference to certain criticisms independent of Dr. Newman's, there are veiled and modified retractions, silent retirements from positions before occupied, a good deal of implied and very unostentatious acknowledgment, as well as not a few thrusts at his opponents when he thinks he has an occasion of putting them in the wrong. In short, there is a good deal of controversy or apology of no very direct or masculine kind, though we are not aware that Dr. Pusey says once in so many words that he has made a mistake and is sorry for it. One large series of charges he has reannounced his intention of meeting in a future letter. As to the Immaculate Conception and Transubstantiation, we think it ought to be said that Dr. Pusey shows a certain amount of advance on the former point, but on the latter he is silent, and his last word on this subject still remains the Declaration which he with others put forward in 1867, of which we can only repeat what we said at the time, that "in all ordinary and received senses of its language, it is formal and explicit heresy" (vol. vii., p. 71). As to the third point mentioned just now, that is, as to the position of the "Puseyite" party and its readiness to abandon its ideas and requirements on the subject of "Corporate Reunion," there is perhaps something to be gathered, but there is no precise and straightforward statement.

It is naturally extremely difficult to give anything like an analysis of a work of this character. It is full of allusions, which will not easily occur to any one who does not retain accurately what has been said of the *Eirenicon* by other writers as well as by Dr. Newman. However, some idea may be given of the whole by saying that after

the first seventy pages, the volume, which consists of more than five hundred, is occupied by a long catena of authorities taken from a work of Turrecremata, to whom, at the time of the Council of Basle, was entrusted the task of drawing up the argument against the Immaculate Conception for the consideration of the Council. Turrecremata's book is exceedingly rare, and Dr. Pusey, after having written the bulk of his letter out of it, goes back to it again in a long appendix, subjoining authorities omitted before, as well as an analysis of the argument. Six-sevenths of Dr. Pusey's Letter are therefore devoted to this one subject, —not as he says, in any "controversial spirit." Our readers will naturally ask what his object can be. His object is to bring this forgotten work of the fifteenth century before the notice of the Bishops who are to assemble in the coming Council, in the hope of obtaining from them some explanation of the doctrine and of the difficulty from tradition "such as we could receive." We have not the slightest doubt that Dr. Pusey is quite sincere in the profession of this object. Questions of the good or bad faith of this or that person are out of place in controversy, but when a writer seems to challenge the expression of an opinion it may be given. But how extremely characteristic is the imagination which alone could justify such a proceeding as that of Dr. Pusey! In order to bring before the Bishops who are to assemble at Rome in December a long-forgotten Latin work on a question which has been decided for ever, Dr. Pusey must publish a controversial letter in English, which will be chiefly read by those who are not prepared to receive the doctrine in question, and who most certainly will take this display of learning as a contribution to the treasury of anti-Catholic argument! "Oh, but," says Dr. Pusey, "it will do 'our people' good. It will be a gain to our own people to have had the subject thus brought before them, since the very dwelling on the negative side—the difficulties of the Immaculate Conception—brings with it a necessity of dwelling on the positive side, the greatness of the Blessed Virgin herself," &c. (p. 392). Is not this rather a novel principle in the advocacy of truth, and would it not give us a new view altogether of a large number of controversial works? It is, no doubt, true enough that arguments against doctrines are often productive of good by bringing the very truths which they assail into prominence; but it is not usual for the very proposers of the hostile arguments to seek this result as an object, and to defend themselves by avowing it. Dr. Pusey may perhaps

think that Dr. Manning's attack on Anglicanism may have done good, by producing his own defence of it, and that the arguments of the Archbishop on "the negative side" may have brought with them a necessity for dwelling on "the positive side"—on the beauties and excellencies of the Establishment and the Thirty-nine Articles. Only it would have been rather strange if Dr. Manning had given this explanation as a reason for making his attack.

However, so it is—Dr. Pusey has published his new volume at this particular moment with the distinct and avowed object of eliciting, if possible, from the Fathers of the coming Vatican Council some kind of declaration on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and on the tradition bearing on it, which may be acceptable to himself and his friends. For he must forgive us for again reminding him, that he has no more right than we ourselves have to speak as the representative of the Communion to which he belongs. As to the tradition which he conceives to bear against the doctrine, he even hints at the particular explanation which might suit him; as to the doctrine itself, he is seriously alarmed—let our readers guess, at what? He is really afraid that unless some authority such as the Council should explain that it is the "passive" Conception of our Blessed Lady which is declared to be exempt from original sin, and not the "active" Conception—that is, to use the term in the sense adopted by Dr. Pusey, "the act wherein the parents of the Blessed Virgin coming together supplied what related to the formation, organisation, and disposition of the body for receiving the rational soul"—people will commonly understand that it is this last which is declared to be Immaculate. Hence then it seems that Dr. Pusey not only himself supposes that the act of the parents, if not free from sin, is to be understood as guilty of that *original* sin from which our Blessed Lady's Conception is declared to be free, and also that the body before union with the soul can be the subject either of sin or sanctification, but that he further thinks that these extraordinary ideas of his are so prevalent as to make it necessary for the Church to explain that she does not mean to foster them by her definition. We will venture to assure him that there is no Catholic child fairly instructed who does not perfectly understand that sin and sanctification must be in the soul, and not in the body apart from the soul, and that the acts of persons of the age of reason, if they are sinful at all,

are so actual and not original sin.* The confusion of thought on such elementary matters, which is sometimes engendered by the habit of diving into old folios of Catholic discussion without the light of ordinary Catholic instruction, is surely hardly a reason for a solemn explanation of a dogma which all Catholics perfectly understand and unhesitatingly believe. Nor can we see any greater reasonableness in two other proposals which Dr. Pusey makes in the most perfect good faith. One is, that it should be formally conceded to Anglicans that they should be allowed not to invoke the Blessed Virgin, and to say the Litany of Jesus instead of the Litany of Loreto !†

* Dr. Pusey complains of a former article in this magazine as having accused him of "a want of acquaintance with the common terms and distinctions" on subjects on which he writes, the instance given being that of the "active" and "passive" Conception (MONTH, vol. 3, p. 630). We freely acknowledge that there are authorities which justify his language, and that it would only have been just to him to state this. The omission was a simple inadvertence, as we were intent on pointing out the mistake into which he has certainly fallen. We do not think that either in the *Eirenicon* or in this present volume, Dr. Pusey understands the distinction rightly, at least he deals with it simply as if it related to a distinction of time, not of subject. We may refer the reader to Father Harper's treatment of the question (*Peace through the Truth*, p. 320, 321). Dr. Pusey, if we understand him, is not clear on three separate points. He seems to us to suppose that original sin, properly speaking, can be in the body and not in the soul, and in the body before its union with the soul; that any sin which infects the "active conception" on the part of the parents is not "actual" but original; and that such sin, and not the sin of Adam alone, can be the principle of original sin to the child. If he had perfectly clear notions on these points he could not, as we think, write as he does, and so we must repeat our former statement, with the qualification already given. While we are on this point, we must be allowed to express our extreme astonishment at Dr. Pusey's treatment of the argument drawn by Catholics from what is called the Protevangelium (Gen. iii. 14, 15). Few parts of the *Eirenicon* were more loudly complained of than this. The argument, as Dr. Pusey must be aware, is drawn from the whole passage, and particularly from the first clause, "Inimicitias ponam inter te et mulierem." If Dr. Pusey will take the trouble of reading the short passage in the Bull *Ineffabilis* in which the Protevangelium is referred to, he will see how little, in comparison, is the stress laid on the last clause, and how little the weight of proof is rested on any particular reading of that last clause. Some critics even maintain that the reading of the Vulgate impairs the force of the argument. Dr. Pusey's mistake was pointed out to him in the article to which he has referred (p. 629), and, to go no further, in *Peace through the Truth* (p. 344). In the *Eirenicon* itself (p. 168), Dr. Pusey actually quoted a passage about the "enmity" which has reference to this clause alone. And yet he ventured to say that the second clause, as to which the Vulgate reading, "Ipsa conteret caput tuum," is so widely disputed, gave rise to the argument deduced by Catholic writers from this text! Will our readers believe that this same misrepresentation is distinctly repeated in the present volume? (p. 382, 383). We do not say that Dr. Pusey has been deliberately guilty of wilful unfairness, but certainly if his opponents were inclined to treat him with extreme severity, he could hardly give them a greater provocation than by ignoring the fact to which his attention has been so pointedly and so repeatedly called.

† "It has been promised to certain individuals, on joining the Roman Communion, that it should not be required of them to invoke the Blessed Virgin :

And the other is (p. 13), that Dr. Newman's very clear statement of the commonly received doctrine of the Church as to the nature of original sin should be "confirmed by authority." It is not enough, then, to satisfy Dr. Pusey that a writer whom all Catholics venerate so much as Dr. Newman, puts it forward? How could he do so if it were not in the most perfect harmony with the mind of the Church?

Dr. Pusey, in certain passages breathing a kind of plaintive acerbity, anticipates that Catholic controversialists will accuse him of the most hostile motives, and pass the most sweeping condemnation upon his proposals and statements. In one place he even avows that he has followed a new reading in St. Cyril, for fear that certain critics should accuse him of "falsification." We are not aware that any such charge has ever been brought against him by Catholic critics, though they certainly have been obliged to tax him with very great inaccuracies, and, as far as we can see, with perfect justice. Where confusedness is so obvious, there can be no temptation to have recourse to any more severe hypothesis to explain misstatements. But we feel sure that for one instance in which he has been accused of "falsification"—if there be such an instance—a score might be produced in which he has accused Catholic writers of "forgeries," and of building their arguments upon them. Nor can any discreditable imputation against a single person provoke feelings of stronger indignation than that which certainly appears to many Catholics to underlie

one, some twenty years ago, was allowed to say the Litany of Jesus instead of the Litany of Loreto. Why should not what has been allowed to individuals be allowed to a nation, or rather to many nations (for such the English are)? Why should we not, in case of reunion, be allowed to pray as the Fathers of the Church prayed, and the holy army of Martyrs prayed? (p. 44). Of course Dr. Pusey is quite sure that the Fathers of the Church and the Martyrs never invoked the Blessed Virgin or any of the Saints? Here we observe, he speaks in the name not of a party, but of a nation. How does he know that the English nation is ready to join the Church on these terms, or that, if it were otherwise disposed to Catholicism, it would wish to have the special privilege of not invoking the Blessed Mother of God; that it would wish, in the words of one, for whom he at least must feel the greatest reverence—

To shun the lay by seraphs framed,
Hail Mary! full of grace; O welcome sweet,
Which daily, in all lands, all saints repeat?

And on what occasion, and by what law or condition of Catholic Communion is any nation or individual forbidden to say the Litany of Jesus instead of the Litany of Loreto, or the Litany of Loreto instead of the Litany of Jesus, according to his own devotion? Dr. Pusey must forgive us, but it seems hopeless to reason with such propositions. If explanations of this sort are wanted to make a person a Catholic, they can be had of the first Priest whom he may chance to meet.

large portions of this book as well as of the *Eirenicon*, namely, that individual Catholics, or Catholic Priests, or Catholic writers, or Catholic theologians, are not to be credited in the accounts which they give of their own belief, feelings, practices, and devotions, while on the other hand, an Anglican who knows nothing of their system, except from a hap-hazard acquaintance with books that may have come in his way, is to be taken as knowing their religion better than themselves. It is certainly not pleasant to have continually suggested to us the same sort of feeling as might arise in the mind of a person who had been invited to an amicable conference by some one with whom he had been at issue, and then found that his person was to be searched for fear of concealed arms, that all his statements were to be taken down in writing, and referred to some legal authority before their veracity was allowed, and that anything he might say as to his own feelings or history, both of these forming part of the discussion, was received with a glittering smile and a soft and affectionate assurance that he must be mistaken. We think that Dr. Newman has made it clear to his friend that there has at least been some fault on his own side, and we are happy to say that in the present volume the influence of his criticisms is clearly discernible. Giving Dr. Pusey all credit for sincerity, and allowing him, as we have before allowed him, the praise which Dr. Newman has given him, of having been bold enough to put before his countrymen the idea of union with the Catholic Church, we must still say that we cannot rate highly either the policy or the argumentative value of this addition to the *Eirenicon*. Dr. Pusey is sincerely desirous that his countrymen should receive Dr. Newman's explanation of original sin as a gleam of light—he calls it, however, “a gleam of hope,” as if the only question were whether it could be the Catholic doctrine—by means of which they may see that the truth of our Lady's Immaculate Conception, which even Luther did not abandon, is not in itself either difficult or against the analogy of God's dealing in the Economy of the Incarnation. Many Anglicans have been candid enough to acknowledge that they did not before understand what they were talking about, and, to our mind, it is quite clear that Dr. Pusey might have made much the same confession without insincerity. But we cannot see how the acceptance of the doctrine can in any way be hastened, either by the tangled subtleties of Dr. Pusey's speculations about “active and passive conception,” or by the use made by him of the

long-forgotten work of Cardinal Turrecremata ; and, as the letter is dated 1866, it is clear that the presentation of this part of the work to the Bishops of the Council is only an after-thought. As to the argumentative value of the work, Dr. Pusey's own part seems to us very confused, and it has been disposed of by anticipation in *Peace through the Truth*. The passages quoted by Turrecremata and the analysis of his argument furnish, in reality, little that is new. The argument had long been exhausted before the Definition of 1854, and the citations, as far as they are new in controversy, are all classed under heads which have already been dealt with. Taking them as they stand, and all things fairly considered, they do not amount to a tradition, speaking positively on the side adverse to the Catholic doctrine, that is, distinctly affirming our Blessed Lady to have been conceived in original sin ; taking the history of that doctrine as it appears in the light of the Definition, they may indeed make us thankful that the ever-living Church is with us to unfold, ever more and more clearly, in all its marvellous beauty and fruitfulness, the sacred deposit of doctrine confided to the Apostles, but they lose even the appearance of force against the manifold voices of authentic tradition sounding on the other side. And lastly, neither by this, nor by twenty more similar portions of an *Eirenicon*, will Dr. Pusey really promote the cause of union, as long as he avoids the great essential points of controversy between Rome and England, takes his own position for granted, and expects his opponents to take it for granted also.

Our Library Table.

1. Dr. Gillow, one of the authorities at Ushaw College, has published in a separate form—and, we are sorry to see, without alteration—a letter addressed to the *Dublin Review* on the subject of “Higher Catholic Education,” as to which we are not ourselves bound to say much more than has already been put before our readers in our last volume. We have already abundantly disposed of the attempt to fasten upon *us* the responsibility of a statement virtually contradicted in every page that we have published on the subject, namely, that “no system whatever of higher education is offered to English lay Catholics.” We may, however, take the opportunity of the publication of Dr. Gillow’s pamphlet to say a few words on certain points, as to which it is desirable that false impressions should not become prevalent.

Dr. Gillow’s account of the course of studies pursued at the College with which he is himself connected will convey valuable information to many of his readers, though we can hardly suppose that what has been done for so many years at Stonyhurst and Oscott, as well as Ushaw, can be altogether unknown to the Catholic public. The most important point at present is, that the course of studies which is open to our young men should be made as perfect and also as attractive as possible, and should be as little as possible spoilt and shackled by the influence of un-Catholic bodies and systems of examination. There are certain fields of work which under the present condition of our Catholic community are comparatively thankless. Perhaps we might say that the field of Catholic literature is one of these; but at all events we may make the assertion as to the field of higher education. Every one who labours in such a field deserves, all the more, encouragement and sympathy from those who really recognise its importance, and for this reason, if for no other, it would be ungenerous, if it was not unjust, to cast a slur upon such exertions. As a fact, we believe that our Colleges do their work in the matter before us with great positive success, and to a degree far beyond what might be expected of them.

It is, however, very desirable that we should not measure ourselves by a false standard, and that, as far as competition with others is open to us, we should compete with the best scholars in those departments of knowledge which we pursue. This is the simple common-sense view of the matter. We say, “as far as competition is open to us.” As long as this field is so limited as it is, it is

perhaps hardly practical to inquire into the relative value of different standards and the relative proficiency of different competitors, with some of whom we are not at present able to measure ourselves. We have, however, certainly taken it for granted that the standard of the elder Universities is higher and better in certain respects than that of the University of London, and as this assumption has been questioned, we may as well give some of the many reasons on which our conviction rests. We must premise that the comparison is not very easy, both on account of the difference of principle which lies at the root of the contrast between London and the Universities, strictly so called, and also on account of the fewness of the persons who are fairly able to judge of the examination in both cases. The Oxford and Cambridge course has hardly yet been greatly changed in its principle from a course of training into a course of *special* studies, but the London course is to a very great extent of this last character. The wider range of "attainments" required at London is therefore no argument at all, unless we first concede the question of principle. As to the second point just mentioned, the only persons with whom we are acquainted who can give a judgment on the comparative excellence in scholarship—of which we have mainly spoken—of the candidates in the two cases, unhesitatingly confirm the opinion expressed by us. Indeed, as we are informed, the later examinations at the Universities in classics, including philology, range so high, at Cambridge in particular, as to be almost beyond the aim of students who do not desire to make teaching or writing on the classical languages the business of their life.

There must, however, at all events be a clear understanding as to the terms of comparison. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are encumbered, as Dr. Gillow must have abundantly learnt from the work of Mr. Pattison on which he remarks, by a host of merely nominal students, who hold to the really "reading" men much about the relation which the camp-followers hold to the soldiers in an army. English society chooses to consider a residence at the Universities as a stage, more or less necessary, in the career of young men who are never meant to work, or who, at all events, neither have had the previous school education to fit them for University studies, nor any ambition of becoming more learned than is necessary, perhaps, to discharge with respectability the duties of a country parson. These form the bulk of the "pass men" of whom Mr. Pattison, like every keen lover of real intellectual work, would get rid if he could. They have really no business in a University, properly so called, though we are far from thinking that many of them do not derive great benefit from their residence there. Their characters, at least, are formed, though their minds are not cultivated. But there they are, and the requirements of the pass schools must be kept down to the level which it is possible for them to attain, with the assistance of great and most painful labour on the part of their College tutors. No one can deny that the standard which admits them at last to the Bachelor's degree

must be low, and if this be all that Dr. Gillow means, no one will feel inclined to dispute his assertion that a good number who pass in this way at Oxford might not pass at London.

But this class of so-called students does not exist, as Dr. Gillow rightly observes, in the case of a University which is simply an examining board, and to which no one thinks of resorting who does not also think of working. When we speak of our Catholic students competing with the best scholars of their age in the country, we mean to measure them either as boys in scholarship examinations with boys of their own age from Eton, Rugby, Winchester, or Harrow, or as young men with other young men at Oxford or Cambridge in examinations which range over a somewhat higher class of subjects. If, therefore, we are to seek a standard at the elder Universities which is to be compared with that of London for the purpose with which we are engaged, we must take that of the honour schools exclusively, or of the University and College scholarships. To use our former illustration, we must not compare the camp-followers of the one army with the soldiers of the other, but we must pit one against another the soldiers and the regular discipline of both. We are not going to say a word in disparagement of the Catholic schools or Colleges. But we are prepared to maintain, as a matter almost too notorious and self-evident to be stated, if it had not been implicitly questioned, that if the best boys in our schools could contend for the Balliol or Trinity scholarships at Oxford, or could sit for the Ireland or Hertford, or write for the Latin Verse at Oxford, or enter into similar contests at Cambridge, they would find themselves confronted by antagonists far more worthy of their steel, and measured by a far higher standard, than any they have ever met at Burlington House; and that, to take the latter stage of contrast, and not to speak even of the *Final* schools at the old Universities, the same would be the case if at a later age they were to present themselves for honours either at the Moderations at Oxford or the "General" (or second) Examination at Cambridge. In doing this we are not speaking of the highest honours or the hardest examinations at the elder Universities, we are taking their students at the end of their second year, not at the end of their third. This alone is the really fair comparison, and as to the result of this, we can hardly imagine any one acquainted with the subject entertaining a moment's doubt. It is not often, of course, that an actual measure can be taken of man against man under the circumstances of the case; but we believe that it has not very unfrequently happened that men of no wonderfully high distinction at Cambridge have presented themselves for examination at London, and have been found the most formidable of all opponents to the best students of the younger University. As to scholarship, a certain number of men of average attainments from Oxford and Cambridge have from time to time become Catholics, and have been led by circumstances to engage in teaching in our schools, and we have never yet heard that they were

considered as inferior to the very best men examined at London on the same subjects. These facts are not perfect tests of the comparison which we are supposing, but they are as fair tests as we are able to obtain.

We have already pointed out elsewhere that Dr. Gillow has mistaken the meaning of some remarks which he has quoted from Mr. Pattison as to the Final Examination at Oxford. Mr. Pattison is all through an enemy of the system of education by and for examinations. In more than one place of his work he points out that to be taught to know a book or a subject, and to be taught to stand an examination on a book or a subject, are two very different things, and that the latter is comparatively worthless. The special instance of this mischievous fashion on which he fastens—and that he does so shows his great courage and candour—is the examination for the highest honours in the Final Examination at Oxford in one particular school, that of *Literæ Humaniores*. He considers that what may be called liberal training, the discipline of the mind by the study of languages, the practice of composition, and general literature, ought to stop at an earlier stage, that is, after the Moderations Examination at the end of the second year, and that the third year should introduce the student to those special subjects which he may select as furnishing him with the positive knowledge he is to use in after life in this or that particular career. But, as a matter of fact, this is not so. The final schools at Oxford are, indeed, now divided into four, and the student may seek honours in all or any of them, though he must at least "pass" in the *Literæ Humaniores*. But distinction in this school has remained the chief object of ambition, though there are many students who take honours in Mathematics, Natural Sciences, or History and Law. The subject-matter of the *Literæ Humaniores* Class Examination is, as Mr. Pattison tells us, not very formidable in itself. The "poets" which used to form part of the ten, twelve, or fourteen books "taken up" a quarter of a century ago are now discussed at Moderations. There remain the historians and the philosophers. The candidate now, as Mr. Pattison tells us, offers the *Ethics* of Aristotle, the *Republic* of Plato, Thucydides, Herodotus, Livy (a decade), and some part of Tacitus; Butler's *Sermons* and a part of the *Novum Organum* complete the list. We are sorry to see that the *Analogy* has been driven out of its place. Logic is examined in as a subject.

This statement will surprise those Catholic readers of Dr. Gillow's pamphlet who have derived from him the notion that the philosophy of the honour students at Oxford is "*limited* to the results of modern thought" (p. 11), which term, as he tells us, "comprises, of course, all the Atheistical, Rationalistic, Pantheistic, and sceptical forms of modern unbelief." We have learnt by experience to distrust sweeping statements which are ushered in by an "of course." Mr. Pattison only speaks of "political and speculative subjects, the philosophy of religion, perhaps, alone excepted." But we have no doubt that, as a

matter of fact, the students, who, as Mr. Pattison complains, are crammed with the *results* of modern systems, who are taught to write as if they had mastered them without really knowing them, are crammed on modern philosophy, and so on sceptical and rationalistic systems as well as others. They are *not* taught these systems, as Dr. Gillow seems to suppose, but they are taught to write rhetorically about them. They probably know rather less about them than the students of Catholic Colleges, who have to stand an examination at London in philosophy, but of course they have not all the antidotes with the poison. The teachers do not teach them, or to use Dr. Gillow's word, "expose"—that is, set them forth; but they engraft the "views" of modern philosophers on the student's knowledge of ancient authors. The fact is that, as every one conversant with the English Universities, particularly with Oxford, knows, there is always about them a certain floating tradition of, or rather about, philosophy, more or less vague, and to a great extent the offspring of the most masterly modern books. This floating tradition cannot be called a system, but it to some extent supplies the place that a system of philosophy might fill. It exists because there *is* no system of philosophy taught as such, and because it is a part of the plan of the examination in the ancient philosophers to illustrate, and, as it were, manipulate them according to modern ideas on the same subject. It is almost unavoidable that the character of this "tradition" should vary from time to time. Some years ago, when Butler ruled the mind of Oxford, it was no doubt far more Catholic than it is at present, but this is not our precise point. Mr. Pattison's complaint is against the "sophistical" character of the knowledge which is thus brought to bear on the examination. Instead of considering, as Dr. Gillow asserts of him, this philosophy to be the "chief merit" of the intellectual culture which is tested by the examination, he considers it to be the chief *bane* of the system of which it forms a part. "As mental training," he says, "it is surely most unsound. It cannot be called philosophical. It is rhetoric expended upon philosophical subjects. It is the reappearance in education of the *σοφιστική* of the schools of Greece condemned by all the wise" (p. 294). He denies that it conduces to "intellectual culture" at all. He has, we may add, a very high idea of the University training as such. "So far from underrating the Oxford training, I believe it to be the best to be had at this time in Europe. When it is attacked by scientific men without culture, or positive philosophy which ignores the world of imagination, it is right to point out how much more complete our scholastic curriculum is than anything which is proposed in its place. But as training, as education merely—science it is not, knowledge it is not" (p. 97).

He would, as we have said, have special instruction succeed to general education after the second year, and he stigmatises the philosophical part of the present Examination in *Literis Humanioribus* as not being true knowledge or science, on account of the

manner in which, and the purpose for which, it is acquired. It is clear, therefore, that unless Mr. Pattison is foolishly inconsistent with himself, he does not consider the philosophy of the school of *Literæ Humaniores* as by any means correlative with the "mental culture" which is conferred by a course of study for honours at Oxford. He speaks very highly of this "mental culture," and very disparagingly of the "philosophy" in question. It can therefore be hardly accurate to represent him as considering them to be identical.

We may add another consideration. The whole inquiry on which Dr. Gillow (with others) is engaged is one of alternatives. He recognises, as we are glad to see, the point as to which we have, in former articles, been chiefly anxious. He admits, that is, that the imposing on Catholics the obligation "to answer questions on moral philosophy proposed by men whose philosophical views are wholly opposed to the truths of their faith, is undoubtedly a grievous hardship," and he goes on to refer to the remonstrances made, and to the answer given by the London University, that it "did not profess any particular philosophical system, and that candidates would pass if they could show a competent knowledge of the received principles and systems of philosophy, whatever might be the particular views which individuals might think proper to hold;" and he acknowledges, also, the hardship of the obligation imposed on the professors of "exposing the false systems, and teaching their refutation." But, he says, this is not so bad as if, "as at Oxford, the students had not only to be examined, but taught also by the advocates of an anti-Catholic scepticism, and as if the merit of the answers given by the pupils had to be estimated by their degree of accordance with the philosophical views held by the examiners." This last, however, is not a fair statement; it is not at all true that the merit of the answers *is* estimated by that standard, and, indeed, the variety of views among the several and succeeding examiners at Oxford would render this impossible. There is no more reason for supposing that the examiners at the one place decide on merit according to conformity to their own views than that those at the other place do so. There is, however, one great difference, which appears to us likely to be worthy of the attention of Dr. Gillow and others in his position, if ever other difficulties, now existing, are smoothed away. The difference is simply this—that at London the Catholic students who wish to gain honours, and, unless we are mistaken, even the degree, *must* be examined in philosophy by Protestants, while at Oxford they would be able to take a "pass" in the only school in which they would, if they sought honours, have to answer philosophical questions put to them by Protestants, and so the grievance would be avoided altogether, while they might aim at the highest distinctions in the other schools without ever hearing a word of all this "philosophy." We suppose that it would be considered a boon if the London senate were to allow Catholics to pass and gain other honours without any philosophical examination, or any philosophical training.

but such as their own Colleges would give them ; why then should it be considered so great a matter of surprise that the same thing should be considered a boon if it be offered elsewhere ? *

* The Oxford University Calendar contains ample information as to the requirements of the degree of B.A. and for Honours ; but to make the matter quite plain to our readers we extract the following account given us by a graduate friend, at present Tutor of one of the most distinguished Colleges. "To get the B.A. degree every one must *pass*—1. Responsions ; 2. Moderations ; 3. Final Examination in Classics (Literæ Humaniores) ; 4. The same in Law and History School, or Mathematical School, or National Science School. Every one, whether candidate for Honours or for a pass, must pass Little Go (Responsions) and Moderations. But if he passes Moderations in *three* books instead of two (the minimum), or if he obtains Honours (a first, second, or third class) in Moderations, then he may obtain his B.A. by getting a first, second, or third class in *any one* of the Four Final Schools, that is, Classical, Mathematical, Law and History, or Natural Science, without going (as a mere Pass-man must) into *two* Final Schools. . . . It is true that into the Final Classical School a large element of modern philosophy has found its way. Men still take up Aristotle, Plato, and Butler (almost all take the *Sermons*, few the *Analogy*), to which they commonly add Bacon's *Novum Organum*. But, practically, they must read Mill if they are to get on at all, and they generally read other books (Bain, &c.), and find, or think they find, that such reading helps them in the Schools." [We have heard of another opinion, that Bain does *not* help them much.] "And the philosophical teachers here draw their inspirations in great measure from modern philosophy. The reading for the Final Classical School is thought by many people very unsettling. At *present* no one can get honours in the Final Classical School (which still ranks highest) without an examination in Philosophy, but it is right to add that the constitution of this very school is under review at this moment, and that it *may* be so modified as to change this state of things. There has been an idea set afloat of recognising it as containing *three* subjects, Philosophy, Ancient History, and Scholarship—and allowing a man to get a first class for any two out of the three, without being examined in the third, that is, without Philosophy. Of course, in Moderations and in three out of the four Final Schools, Honours are attainable without Philosophy." [There has been a Fifth School just added, in Theology, but this of course is nothing to the purpose.] With regard to the *amount* of acquaintance with modern philosophy necessary, our correspondent also writes, in answer to the question "Whether more is required of candidates than to know what these writers hold?" "Your supposition about the relation of Mill, Bain, &c., to the Schools is, I believe, correct in the main. I am not sure that *Mill's* name may not occur sometimes in the Examination Papers, and, if the name does not occur, his view of Induction, its "four methods," and so on, might often be the subject of a question. Examiners would, I think, *presume* that men had read Mill's *Logic* carefully when they came in for Honours in the Final Classical School, though not exactly that they had got it up, certainly not that they had got it up like their Aristotle or Plato. But of no other modern philosophical writer could this be said—nor of any other work of Mill. These men read Bain, or Kant, or Comte, simply as we read S. T. Coleridge, because they think they shall gain some notions from those authors which may enable them to deal

We cannot close these remarks without a few words as to Mr. Pattison, whose book* has been somewhat unworthily treated in being made a sort of stock-piece, out of which sharp and hard sayings about his own University might be snipped for the benefit of the Catholic public. His candid and earnest confessions have been somewhat misunderstood. He has *not* said a good many of the things that people have been told that he has said.† He has *not* said, for instance, that all mere graduates at Oxford are men of no education, but, which is a very different thing, that the degree itself does not prove them to be more. Still less has he said that all mere graduates are either "foppish exquisites of the drawing-room," or, "in all probability, barbarised athletes of the arena." All Oxford men know that a very large proportion of the students are always quiet, steady men, not very bright, not "fast," but often poorly educated before they come to the University; in short, the raw material out of which the ordinary respectable humdrum English parson is made. These men are no more like those of whom Mr. Pattison speaks, than a plodding student of law at Lincoln's Inn, or an industrious clerk in a City office, is like a rich and idle young officer in the Guards. Mr. Pattison has used the strong expressions which we have just quoted solely of the young aristocrats of one College out of twenty-four, and a few elsewhere like them, that is, of persons who in several instances do not even proceed to take their degree at all; and he would probably be surprised at finding his words so misapplied as they have been by Dr. Gillow. He has spoken unsparingly and severely of the evils of the present Oxford system; but his work deserves to be carefully

better with the questions. There is no presumption that any such authors will furnish an examiner with his questions. But it is obvious that when questions on philosophy are so large and vague as are often now put in the schools, there is a probability that they will often be suggested to examiners by the books, other than Plato and Aristotle, which they have been reading. And so an examinee will think it worth his while to read any philosophical writings within his reach, which he either knows to be in vogue among Oxford graduates, or suspects may be in vogue among them, because at present much read in the learned world." We may contrast this with the fact that a very large proportion of the questions at London, from which there is no escape even for the Pass-men, are taken almost in so many words out of the works of Mill or Bain. On another point he adds, "I think that all our philosophical teachers and examiners would repudiate emphatically the suggestion that they would judge a man more favourably because he held Mill's or Bain's opinions. And I distinctly believe that a man who *totidem verbis* threw over Mill on any point, and declared, for instance, for Sir W. Hamilton or Mansel, would not lose by it, though all four examiners were Millites, if he showed that he knew what he was about."

* *Suggestions on Academical Organisations.* By M. Pattison, D.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

† We think it fair to say that we refer to Dr. Gillow alone. We have not read the article from which he quotes, except for the purpose of verifying his references to Mr. Pattison's pages, which are not given in his Letter.

studied, and the whole scope of his argument considered, before it is used by those who do not understand that system, and so are certain not to understand remarks which presuppose an acquaintance with it. A great part of it is to a certain extent technical, as he is proposing a new plan which would certainly work a complete revolution in Oxford, and restore the resources of the University to purposes as analogous to those for which they were originally conferred as is possible under a different religion and social state. His main principle is undoubtedly true: the Colleges were meant to be houses of study for men who had completed their preliminary education, not simply schools for overgrown boys. He does not understand the Catholic religion and the relation of authority to reason and liberty of thought, and we can afford to smile at some of his random sayings against us on particular points. But we have found his book well worth reading through, and we believe that it contains many very true and striking reflections on matters connected with education in general. On many points, too, he is unflinchingly candid—on none more so than on that on which he has been made so much use of by Dr. Gillow. His honesty of purpose is as conspicuous as his candour; and if his plans were to succeed, he would at least make Oxford a University in the proper sense of the term, as far as such an institution can exist outside the Catholic Church.

2. A large thin quarto of rather more than a hundred pages, handsomely printed at Wiesbaden, contains M. Niedner's arrangement of our Lord's Life as set forth by the four Evangelists, in parallel columns (*Vita Jesu Christi Salvatoris, sive Monotessaron Catholicon*. Wiesbaden, 1869). The text is that of the Vulgate. When we speak of parallel columns, we should mention that the four columns usually adopted in Harmonies in this country—as for instance, in Mr. Greswell's *Harmonia Evangelica* and Father Coleridge's *Vita Vitæ Nostræ*—are not exclusively kept to in the volume before us, in which the text is sometimes seen right across a page or even a part of a page. We are glad to see books of this sort multiplying. The characteristics of this *Monotessaron* are not marked by great novelty. The main divisions are the Infancy of our Lord and the Public Life—which is broken into two parts, after the example of Ludolphus, at the Confession of St. Peter and the Transfiguration—the Passion, and the Resurrection. These are in truth the legitimate divisions into which the Gospel narrative naturally falls, and we need hardly repeat how much we prefer these to the not very certain distribution into years. We observe, however, that the author of this volume is somewhat in bondage to traditions as to arrangement which ought to be considered as exploded, such as that which places our Lord's entrance into Galilee after the "first" Pasch, so late as the autumn of the same year, and that which fixes on the Feast of Purim as the Feast at which the first great miracle on the Sabbath day was wrought, as recorded by St. John in his fifth chapter.

3. The author of *Tales of Kirkbeck* has published an interesting volume, *The Life of Madame Louise of France* (Rivingtons), the daughter of Louis XV., who became a Carmelite Nun in the Convent at St. Denis. It is strange that the writer should, apparently, not be aware of the very full and complete Life of Madame Louise by the Abbé Proyart, the English translation of which, published in 1808, now lies before us. We say, "apparently not aware," because on comparing the two works it does not seem as if the latter of them were copied from the earlier. At the same time we notice a difference between them which will not make the new volume the more acceptable of the two to our own readers. The author of the *Tales of Kirkbeck* is perhaps a little afraid of being *too* Catholic. Thus it is related of Madame Louise, who was consigned to the charge of some Nuns at Fontevault before she was a year old, that she had a very dangerous illness when she was still an infant. The Abbé Proyart tells us how the Religieuses "had recourse to God, and in the fervour of their prayers made, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, a vow that if the young Princess recovered, she should, in her honour, be clothed in white for a whole year. She did recover, and was accordingly dressed in white." This circumstance had a great influence upon her when she grew up, and so was worth mentioning; but the writer before us merely says, "she was given up in her early babyhood in a severe illness, and though this alarm proved groundless," &c. (p. 3.) In the same way there is an anecdote of an escape of the Princess while yet at the Court of her father, which she thought was miraculous. Her horse threw her violently while following her father in a hunt, and she fell almost under the feet of the horses of a carriage which was immediately behind her. She invoked the Blessed Virgin as she fell, and was saved—having courage enough to refuse to return home except on the horse which had proved so untractable. Facts of this kind may be omitted here and there without damage to a good memoir; but if there is anything like a systematic exclusion of such details, a life of the kind before us is not what we could wish it to be. For our part, we prefer the Abbé Proyart to the writer of the present volume. Some time ago we inserted a short article (the MONTH, vol. vii., p. 161.) which contained an account of the intended restoration of the old Carmelite Convent, in which Madame Louise lived and died, to the Religious of her own Order. This fact might have been worth mentioning.

4. Mr. Helps is publishing a series of lives taken from his great work, *The Spanish Conquest of America*. We have already received his Lives of Columbus and Las Casas, and now we have that of Pizarro (Bell and Daldy). The plan of these republications is excellent, and if the series is continued, and Mr. Helps gives us a detached Life of Cortes and a few more, we shall have the greater part of the history in the attractive form of biography. Pizarro's character is well conceived by Mr. Helps, and the exceptions to his

general fairness as to Catholic matters are only occasional. When will some one give us a few good lives of the Missionaries whose work was meant to go hand in hand with that of the conquerors, and who were so continually and so cruelly thwarted by them?

5. The Ritualists know well enough how to get up pretty books of devotion. Mr. Orby Shipley's little volume, *The Invocation of Saints and Angels* (Rivingtons), is quite a specimen of nice printing on beautiful paper. It is, as might be supposed, a compilation almost exclusively from Catholic sources. It takes for granted the view about the condemnation of the Catholic practice in the Thirty-nine Articles, which has lately been put forward by Dr. Forbes of Brechin, and of which we shall only say, that its most significant confutation is the acknowledged fact that every trace of invocation has been most carefully eliminated from all Anglican formularies from the beginning, and that the practice in question has been entirely banished, as far as can be ascertained, even from private teaching among Anglicans by means of the same influence which caused the condemnation of which we speak to be exacted as a solemn pledge from all ministers of the Establishment. If with all this, it be really true that the intention of that Establishment has been to encourage the Catholic practice and to approve of the Catholic doctrine as to Invocation of Saints, all that can be said is, that a very singular way has been adopted of carrying that intention into execution, and that the interpretation put upon the matter by Dr. Forbes, Mr. Shipley, and others of the same school, is a far severer condemnation of their own religious communion than any which its enemies are in the habit of passing upon it. The little volume before us consists of four parts—"Conferences," taken from the *Paradisus Animæ*, Litanies, other prose Devotions, and Hymns; the last, where they are not translations, being, we think, exclusively taken from the works of Father Faber and Father Caswall. A Catholic who turns over the pages will be struck by the absolute omission of all reference to St. Joseph, as well as to the later Saints, and will be somewhat startled at finding our Blessed Lady addressed by a new title altogether—that of "*Philanthropic Virgin*" (p. 165).

6. Although the English language is spoken over so large a part of the inhabited and civilised world, and although the Catholics who speak that language will be represented by a very considerable proportion out of the whole number of Bishops who will assemble in a few months around the throne of Pius IX. for the Vatican Council, it is unfortunately true, as all who have to labour in the cause of Catholic literature can testify, that the time has not yet come for great undertakings and works of colossal magnitude as parts of that literature. For Theological Dictionaries, Histories of the Church, Commentaries on the whole of Scripture, and the like, we must be content either with standard Latin books, with French translations from the German, or other compilations. A generation

or two hence it will not be so, for American Catholicism, to say nothing of Ireland, England, and the Colonies, is making great progress even in the path of literature. For the present, however, we must be content with translations, and certainly our friends on the other side of the Channel are active enough in supplying their own needs and ours. We have just received the three first volumes of a third French edition (Gaume) of the famous *Dictionary of Catholic Theology*, published many years ago at Friburg. The London agents are Messrs. Burns and Oates. This is the best dictionary of its kind existing. M. Adrien Le Clerc is engaged in issuing a translation of Hefele's admirable work, *The History of Councils*. The first volume is ready. Father Kleutgen's work in explanation and defence of the Scholastic Theology is being translated, with the sanction of the author, by P. Sierp. We may mention, as a kindred work, though confined to a single biography, Father Schmoeger's *Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich*, so well known in this country, by the translator of *The Dolorous Passion of our Lord*. The first volume of the *Life* is now ready in French, having been translated by M. de Cazales.

7. The movement among Anglicans which has produced so many Sisterhoods of various kinds is one of the most interesting features in the religious advance throughout the country which has accompanied and fed the movement which has landed so many on the shores of Catholicism. It has its bad and imperfect side, as well as its aspect of good, and no one can be surprised if many of the Sisterhoods to which it has given birth should be badly managed, if the rules have been framed by persons of no experience or competence, and if the delicate system of Religious life, which requires so much wisdom and discretion on all sides, and is fenced in by so many safeguards in the Catholic Church, should lose its beauty and its consoling and elevating power in a foreign soil, and under the manipulation of superiors who have never been trained to obey. Still, we confess that we have little sympathy with exposures of its shortcomings from the Catholic side. We have no right to question the facts stated in the book called *Five Years in a Protestant Sisterhood and Ten Years in a Catholic Convent* (Longmans), and we have no doubt that the writer has been actuated by a far higher motive than personal hostility in making her statements. Still, they are eminently personal. No one can doubt who are meant by the Miss Jones and the Dr. Smithson of the book, and these widely-respected persons may fairly complain that they have not been attacked more openly still, so as to have an opportunity of self-defence. Surely the writer must see that, after mentioning some "horrible" remarks heard in a railway carriage about two persons very eminent among the best Anglicans, to add—"I do not wish to say anything about such matters, and therefore I shall refrain from mentioning details known to myself and to others" (p. 77), is to do almost more harm than if the details had been mentioned.

8. Professor Pepper, in his *Cyclopædic Science* (Warne), has succeeded in giving to our youth a simple and concise description of the most important discoveries of modern science. His aim has clearly been to foster in the young mind a love for observation, and, by giving it a knowledge of facts, to lead it to inquire into the causes of the wonderful phenomena which nature exhibits. It was by reading Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Chemistry* that the illustrious Faraday gained his taste for scientific investigation, and we do not doubt that many will be led into the same path by reading this admirable book. It is rendered doubly interesting by the number of brilliant experiments it details. In this Professor Pepper sustains his reputation as a master of experimental science.

9. The Tauchnitz editions of English and American authors are familiar treasures to our countrymen who live or who travel abroad, though obvious reasons prevent their large circulation at home. Baron Tauchnitz has just published the *thousandth* volume of the series, and he has taken the opportunity of giving the public a real boon. He has published, with the aid of Dr. Tischendorf, a volume containing the New Testament in English, *with the various readings* of the three great uncial manuscripts, the Vatican, the Sinaitic, and the Alexandrine.

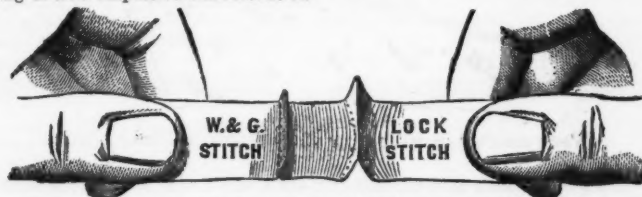
10. We must content ourselves with little more than the bare announcement of several very interesting works, over which we would gladly linger. Mr. Finlason has published the two first volumes of a new edition of *Reeve's History of English Law* (Reeves and Turner). The merit of the original work is well known, and Mr. Finlason's ample notes will greatly enhance its value. Lady Herbert, whose pen seems never to wear out, has given us a translation of a French life of one of the Priests lately martyred in Corea, Henry Dorié (Burns and Oates). The same publishers have issued a very useful *Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis*, with a Preface by Father Emidius. Monsignor Woodlock, of the Catholic University, has published a striking lecture, read before a literary society connected with that institution — *Religion in Education as an instrument of Mental Culture*. Father Lockhart is republishing in monthly parts some articles which have appeared in *Catholic Opinion*, called *The Old Religion*. We must also mention Mr. O'Mahoney's translation of a short work of Cardinal Gerdil, *Brief Exposition of the Origin, Progress, and Marks of the True Religion* (Longmans). We have also received a little volume called *The Hidden Life* (Masters). It is a selection of short passages from Nepveu's *Pensées Chrétiennes*.

BATTLE OF THE STITCHES.

For ten years those acknowledged family nuisances—the double-thread Sewing Machines—were tolerated in the household, notwithstanding the perplexities, hindrances, and vexations inseparable from their use.

It is now becoming more generally known that “double-thread” means double machinery and double labour to work it, and a hundred-fold perplexity and weariness. These Machines are, therefore, now never bought for family use, except through misapprehension; and when the error is discovered, off they go in exchange for the WILLCOX AND GIBBS. A simple and manageable Machine, which will do the work better and make no noise about it, is certain to supersede the old rattling double-threads.

People whose money is locked up in the double-thread business of course dislike the change. When did vested interests ever drop a bad thing and pick up a good one that somebody else had a patent on? It is far more natural to try to make “the worse appear the better” Sewing Machine. Accordingly, half-truths, untruths, calling things by wrong names—anything that answers the purpose—make up the logic of the double-thread interest, which, however, is steadily yielding to the logic of events. A glance at the work done by the two methods shows something of their respective characteristics.



Pull gently—the double-thread lock stitch seam gives way at both ends.



Pull harder—the double-thread seam rips the whole length.



Pull still harder—the material gives way where it has been weakened by the double-thread machine; but the WILLCOX AND GIBBS seam remains as strong as the fabric itself. (Samples of this test stitching sent on application.)

The foregoing illustrations show what occurs when two seams made with the same cotton, the same length of stitch, the same perfection every way, by the respective machines are treated in the same manner. If the two seams are subjected to strain and rubbing, as in washing and wear, the result is the same. In fact, garments made with the respective machines, show like results in actual use.



HALF-WORN COLLAR, MADE WITH A DOUBLE-THREAD LOCK STITCH MACHINE.

In a garment made with a double-thread lock stitch Sewing Machine, the seam is often broken in a most unsightly manner long before the fabric is worn out.



WORN OUT COLLAR, MADE WITH THE WILLCOX & GIBBS MACHINE.

In a garment made with the WILLCOX AND GIBBS Sewing Machine the stitching is usually uninjured when the fabric is worn out.

Nevertheless, when it is desirable to take out seams altogether, as in making over garments, or in correcting mistakes, the WILLCOX AND GIBBS seam may be unlocked and easily taken out, without material injury to the fabric, while it is almost impossible to remove the double-thread lock stitch seam, without destruction of the fabric.

Want of elasticity is always a serious defect of the double-thread lock stitch seam; it becomes fatal to security when the under thread is drawn tight, as is usually done, to give a fair appearance to the right side. The unsightly gaps that soon occur in the inside seam of a trousers leg, or other cressway seam, arise from this cause.



THE DOUBLE-THREAD LOCK STITCH SEAM ON THE CRESSWAY.

The seam gives way when the cloth is stretched. On the other hand, it is perfectly easy to make the WILLCOX AND GIBBS seam as elastic as the nature of the work may require.

The double-thread lock stitch is NOT "alike on both sides," except on thick cloth, and in advertisements of the half-truth kind. Slight variations of the



TENSION VARYING IN THE DOUBLE-THREAD LOCK STITCH SEAM.

tensions draw the crossings of the threads alternately from one surface of the

fabric to the other ; and this cannot be altogether avoided, even by the most skilful. The usual mode is to adjust the tensions so that the crossings of the threads shall tend towards the wrong side of the seam, though at the expense of elasticity.

DOUBLE-THREAD LOCK STITCH SEAM ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

The double-thread lock stitch seam is always zig-zag on the right side, except

on thick cloth, and when one or two stitches are missed, as often happens with the best of these complicated and delicate machines, stitches are left two or three times the usual length. On the wrong side it is irregular in appearance, varying with the tensions and the material sewed.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEAM ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

The WILLCOX AND GIBBS seam on the right side is perfectly uniform and beautiful. A stitch is never missed on any material however difficult to sew. On the wrong side two threads lie *side by side*, presenting a similar appearance to the chain stitch, or to back-stitching done by hand, forming *no ridge*, but rendering the seam as elastic as the fabric itself.



WILLCOX & GIBBS SEAM, showing the two threads twisted in the cloth.



BACK-STITCHING BY HAND, showing the two threads on the wrong side.

Economy of thread, is a comparatively trifling consideration, but it has been the subject of such gross misrepresentation, so shrewdly and half-truthfully made, that the whole truth ought to be fairly stated.

On the right side, the thread is single in both the WILLCOX AND GIBBS and the double-thread lock stitch seams ; passing through the fabric, the thread is double in both cases ; but on the wrong side, the thread is single in the one and double in the other. In a yard of the seams themselves, therefore, there is about a yard less thread in the double-thread lock stitch seam. This apparent saving of thread in the seam itself (though really made by the sacrifice of elasticity) gives colour to the claim of economy of thread, on the part of the advocates of these machines.

It is, however, quite as important to take into account the thread wasted in working a Sewing Machine as that actually used in the seam—and this element has been entirely ignored in the advertisements of Machines which waste the most.

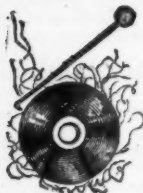
In the use of the WILLCOX AND GIBBS Machine, the amount of thread wasted is almost inappreciable.

In the use of double-thread lock stitch machines, there are four long ends of thread at the beginning and end of every seam, and wherever the numerous breakages occur. There are also frequent entanglements, not only wasting quantities of thread, but destroying material which is of far greater value. Changes of the under thread often result in the waste of whatever may be on the bobbin. The waste of thread from these and other causes, commonly amounts in the family use of double-thread machines, to more than the entire quantity actually used in the seams.

The attention of the public has been purposely directed by the trade to what are really minor considerations in the selection of a Sewing Machine, the object being to divert attention from the one great and almost universally fatal defect of two-thread machines, viz.—that they are exceedingly difficult to use.

Almost any of the machines commonly sold, except the very low-priced ones, will do good work, *when in good order and in skilful hands*. It is not safe to judge a machine by what it can be made to do under such circumstances. Nor is it the kind of stitch made, or the amount of cotton used, that determines whether a

machine is really useful in a family or not. But it is the possibility of doing the family work with it with ordinary skill, and this depends on the simplicity, ease of management—in a word, on the practicability of the machine.



END OF THE UNDER-
THREAD LOST IN THE
BOBBIN—ONE OF THE
DOUBLE-THREAD TROU-
BLES.

of its seams, the WILLCOX AND GIBBS does its work more completely, leaving, in most cases, nothing to be done by hand, except working button-holes and sewing on buttons; while the "finishing" by hand of a garment "made" with a double-thread machine often constitutes a large share of the making.

Whatever injury to the health may be caused by the use of double-thread sewing machines, which tax severely both the nervous and muscular powers of endurance, no harm can result, even to the most delicate constitution, from the use of the WILLCOX AND GIBBS, which affords light and pleasurable labour that is both invigorating and salutary.

The use of the WILLCOX AND GIBBS is so easily acquired with the aid of the Instruction Book alone, and its advantages are so manifest, even at the outset, that a month's trial is almost certain to result in the purchase of the Machine. Probably no other sewing machine could be profitably sold on such terms fully and fairly carried out. In fact, when similar terms have been advertised heretofore, they have been in some way evaded. We know, by experience, that our Machine, from its unapproached ease of management and practicability, can be profitably sold by means of such a trial, hence we make the offer in terms that render evasion impossible. **We make no charge for the trial on any account whatever, whether the Machine is purchased or not.** And we leave the purchaser at perfect liberty to return the Machine to us after the trial.

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ROMA SOTTERRANEA

OR

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ROMAN CATACOMBS

ESPECIALLY OF THE

CEMETERY OF SAN CALLISTO

*COMPILED FROM THE WORKS OF COMMENDATORE DE ROSSI
WITH THE CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR*

BY

REV. J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF ST MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT

AND

REV. W. R. BROWNLOW, M.A.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

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Architectural Drawings and Plans.*

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER

1869

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ROMA SOUTHERN

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS

CEMENT OF SAN CARLO

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE
SOUTHERN PART OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

EDINBURGH:
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